

THE LIVING AGE.

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WHERE SILENCE SLEEPS.

High, high up in the hush of the hills
 The Spirit of Silence sleeps.
 Only a tiny tinkle of rills
 Breaks the spell of the quiet that fills
 Those lone heights that the eagle
 keeps
 Watching alone on the topmost peak.
 Here there is never a voice to speak.
 Soft white curtains of misty gauze
 Round her slumber the morning draws,
 Folding her close till the night-winds
 spread
 Sable pinions above her head,
 And like a lamp in the heavens afar
 Hangs one star.

Nothing recks she of right or wrong,
 Wrapt in her robe of rest,
 Only the fingers, lithe and long,
 Move to the lilt of a silent song
 Stirring the short grass lightly
 pressed.
 Here, where mountain and cloud-land
 meet,
 Strains of song that are soft and sweet
 Echo and swell and fade again
 Through dim cells of the dreaming
 brain.
 Here through the silence voices stray
 Strange and solemn, from far away,
 Voices clear through the mist of
 years—
 Laughter and tears.

What is the music the voices make?
 Hearken, hearken and hear!
 Bells that are ringing for true love's
 sake,
 Crossed with weeping of hearts that
 break
 Where the knell sounds over the bier.
 Clatter of swords and war-drums' beat,
 Triumph of victory, wall of defeat,
 Shout of men that divide the spoil,
 All earth's pleasure and pain and toil,
 Music changing from bar to bar,
 Faint and far.

High on the mountain above it all
 The Spirit of Silence sleeps.
 What to her if the empires fall?
 Nothing more than the loud stream's
 call
 Falling, falling a-down the steep.

Winds that whisper around the dawn,
 Leaves that flutter on lea and lawn,
 Cuckoo calling from hill to hill,
 Creaking wheel of the water-mill,
 Slight as these are the sounds to her
 Of the great world's conflict, its stress
 and stir,
 Loud to us in the shouldering throng,
 Only notes in a shifting song
 Where on the peak that the eagle
 keeps,
 Silence sleeps.

S. Cornish Watkins.

Temple Bar.

TO —

(Alcaics in Stone's phonetic prosody.)

Fair has befallen your extravagant
 studies,
 Francis, yet urge I counsel of excel-
 lence:
 Seek beauty but shun glory, shun
 her,
 Thy peril and very heart's corrup-
 ter.
 Not perseverance nor flattering fashion
 Can e'er assure us posterity's homage;
 Which only good-fortune, command-
 ing
 Genius and giddy chance, awardeth.

How few attempting leave a memorial!
 "Heartlessly hard is thy metal, O
 Corinth,
 To grave on, and Thy snowy marble
 Mocks the cunning chisel, O Car-
 rara!"

Do what delights you, but to the love
 for it
 Bring no ally. Ah, his delicate passion,
 His temper austere, who produceth
 In happy hour an immortal off-
 spring!

As life is of life, and spirit of spirit,
 His grace of ancient inheritance
 cometh:
 His work is inspir'd with divine
 breath,
 And !t ariseth a lively creature.
Robert Bridges.

The Academy.

THE SPOILS OF OFFICE.

Why does every Government cling so tenaciously to the responsibility and drudgery of office? Wherefore the feverish eagerness of every Opposition to take the burdens of the Empire upon its shoulders? Does the phrase "the Spoils of Office" explain the mystery of the immense difficulty there always is in turning the "ins" out and the little persuasion which is necessary to induce the "outs" to go in? Surely here is a matter of the highest public interest, which is well worth investigation.

The present salaries of the Ministers of the Crown were fixed in 1831 on the recommendation of a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed by the Whig Administration under Earl Grey, better known as the Reform Ministry, on their accession to office in 1830. The official emoluments again underwent examination in 1850 by another Parliamentary Committee, which reported in favor, practically, of the retention of the 1831 settlement. On this Committee of fifteen members, presided over by Lord John Russell, were rigid economists like Sir William Molesworth, Cobden, Bright, and Ricardo. "For these offices," they report, "it is requisite to secure the services of men who combine the highest talents with the greatest experience in public affairs; and considering the rank and importance of the offices, and the labor and responsibility incurred by those who hold them, your Committee are of opinion that the salaries of these offices were settled in 1831 at the lowest amount which is consistent with the requirements of the public service."

There are sixty-two political offices, and the salaries amount altogether to 158,581*l.* per annum. It does not seem an extravagant sum, considering the

number of Ministers among whom it is divided, their undoubted ability on the whole, the exacting nature and immense responsibility of their labors, their devotion to duty, and the vastness and wealth of the Empire whose affairs they administer. Moreover, apart from the Law Officers of the Crown, the utmost salary to which a statesman can attain is 5000*l.* a year. It is by no means an insignificant salary. But of the sixty-two offices in the administration it is attached only to seven, and the emoluments of the other posts range downwards to 334*l.* per annum.

The Prime Minister receives no salary, his position being unknown to and unrecognized by statute law. Some office of State with nominal duties, and carrying a salary—usually that of First Lord of the Treasury—is accordingly held by the Premier. The First Lord of the Treasury, or, as he is fully described, "First Commissioner for executing the office of the Lord High Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer," has associated with him the Chancellor of the Exchequer and three Junior Lords of the Treasury in the control of the nation's purse. The post is now a sinecure in the departmental sense, no duties being attached to it, but it carries a salary of 5000*l.* per annum and an official residence, 10 Downing Street. These have been the emoluments of the office since 1780. It must not, however be supposed that the Prime Minister has no work to do. As head of the Government his duties are most responsible, laborious, and varied, for they mean the general supervision of every department of the State, and of all important political affairs, domestic, colonial and foreign.

Of the Prime Ministers who have sat

in the House of Commons, some have been not only First Lord of the Treasury but Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as First Lord of the Treasury in his long term of office from 1783 to 1801. Henry Addington, who succeeded Pitt as Premier, was also Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury. Pitt, on returning to power in 1804, again filled the two offices; and the precedent was followed by Perceval and Canning when each was Prime Minister. Sir Robert Peel, in his first brief three-months' administration of 1834-35 was also First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Gladstone both in his first administration, 1868-74, and in his second, 1880-85, was for a time Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as First Lord of the Treasury. The Prime Ministers, from Pitt to Canning, who were Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury, drew the salaries of both offices, then amounting to 10,398*l.*; but on the recommendation of the Committee of 1831, it was decided that in the event of both positions being again held by one Minister, there should be a saving of half the salary of the second office. Peel and Gladstone, accordingly, were paid only at the rate of 7500*l.* a year—the full salary of each office being fixed at 5000*l.* in 1831—for the time that each was First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Salisbury made a new departure by acting as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs as well as Prime Minister in his three administrations, his salary being the 5000*l.* which he drew as Foreign Minister. The labors of these Premiers, who, in addition to supervising everything, administered a special department, and particularly a department so onerous as that of the Treasury or the Foreign Office, must indeed have been immense. It is improbable, now that

the labors and responsibilities of office are increasing every year, that the herculean task will ever be undertaken again. But it is evident that our Prime Ministers have never shirked work while enjoying the emoluments of office.

The effective chief of the department which controls the collection and expenditure of the national revenue is not the First Lord of the Treasury, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is a hard-worked Minister, and not often are his duties in the imposition and remission of taxation brightened by the sunshine of popular favor. "You have held for a long time the most unpopular office of the State," Gladstone wrote to his fallen Chancellor of the Exchequer, Robert Lowe, who had come to grief over an attempt to impose a tax upon matches in 1873. Gladstone was an authority on the subject, for he had himself filled for years the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. "No man can do his duty in that office, and be popular *while* he holds it," he went on, in the same letter of sympathy to his colleague. "I could easily name the two worst Chancellors of the Exchequer of the last forty years; against neither of them did I ever hear a word while they were in (I might almost add, nor for them after they were out): 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you.' You have fought for the public, tooth and nail. You have been under a storm of unpopularity; but not a fiercer one than I had to stand in 1860, when hardly anyone dared to say a word for me; but, certainly, it was one of my best years of service, even though bad be the best." The salary attached to this arduous office before 1831 was 5398*l.*, which was made up of fees from different sources. On the recommendation of the Committee of 1831 it was reduced to a fixed sum of 5000*l.* The Chancellor of the Exchequer has also an official residence, 11 Downing Street.

There is also the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who assists the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the administration of his department. He is paid 2000*l.* a year. It is a curious instance of the survival of forms in the Constitution long after they have ceased to have any practical application that the Junior Lords of the Treasury, to whom I have already referred, are still supposed to exercise some control over the department. The formula invariably employed in the official letters of the Treasury runs: "I am directed to acquaint you that My Lords do not see their way to sanction the expenditure —." Yet the three Junior Lords of the Treasury have, as such, no official business whatever. An interesting account of their installation in office, and of what happens afterwards, has been given by one who was himself Junior Lord of the Treasury. On their appointment they assemble in a room at the Treasury and take their places at a table. A solemn official appears and says, "Will your Lordships allow your secretary to enter?" They bow, and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury comes in. "Will your Lordships allow your secretary to take a seat at the table?" the official then asks. Again they bow, and the Financial Secretary sits down. They then disappear, and the department sees them no more.

What, then, do the Junior Lords of the Treasury do for their salary of 1000*l.* a year each? Their duties, according to an amusing definition once given by Canning, are, always to be at St. Stephen's, to keep a House, and to cheer the Ministers. They are, in fact, the assistant Whips of the party in office. The Chief Whip also fills a sinecure post which used to be styled the Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and has of late years been called the Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasurer, which carries a salary of 2000*l.* per annum. The constitution

knows not the Whip, any more than the Prime Minister, and, like the Prime Minister, the Whip is provided for by an office to which there is a salary but no duty attached.

For a century before 1782 there were two joint Secretaries of State. One had the management of affairs relating to the northern States of Europe; the other dealt with matters affecting the southern countries of the Continent, and Home affairs, which included Ireland and the Colonies. In 1782 there was a redistribution of their duties, and each got a distinctive title. The former was called "Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," and was given control of the relation of the Kingdom with all foreign States; and the latter was styled "Secretary of State for the Home Department," which included Great Britain, Ireland (which then had her own Parliament), and the Colonies. There was also at this time a Minister called "Secretary at War," who was a subordinate of the Home Office, and responsible for the land forces of the Crown. In 1794 the Secretary of State for War was created; and in 1801 the affairs of the Colonies were transferred to him from the Home Department. But in 1854, on the outbreak of the Crimean War, the War Minister was relieved of all Colonial business, which was vested in a new Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1858, after the Indian Mutiny, when the authority and power of the East India Company were transferred to the Imperial Government, the Secretary of State for India was first appointed. The salary of each of the five Secretaries of State is 5000*l.* per annum. Each is assisted in the work of his department by an Under-Secretary of State, who is paid 1500*l.*; and in the case of the War Office there is an additional Parliamentary official known as the Financial Secretary, who also receives 1500*l.* a year.

The First Lord of the Admiralty is paid 4500*l.* He, like the Secretary of State for War, has two subordinate officials in Parliament—the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, who gets 2000*l.* a year, and the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, who gets 1000*l.* a year.

One of the busiest Ministers in the administration is the President of the Board of Trade. The work of the department is very diversified. It covers all matters affecting trade and commerce, railways, trams, canals, harbors, lighthouses, the mercantile marine, and gas and water works. The salary of the President is 2000*l.* In 1904 a Committee appointed by the Treasury to inquire into the position and duties of the Board of Trade recommended that the department should be reorganized, and placed on a more business-like and efficient footing under a "Minister of Commerce and Industry," to be paid 5000*l.* a year, the salary of a Secretary of State. A Bill to carry out the recommendations of the Committee is included in the Government's programme of business for the present Session. There is also a Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, who is paid 1200*l.* a year, which it is proposed to raise to 1500*l.*, the salary of an Under-Secretary of State. Another busy Minister is the President of the Local Government Board, a department created in 1871. He controls local authorities and has charge of the public health. His salary is 2000*l.* per annum, and his Parliamentary Secretary gets 1200*l.*

The Board of Agriculture was established in 1889. In 1903 the powers of the Board of Trade relating to fisheries were transferred to this department, and its title was changed to that of "The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries." It has a President, who is paid 2000*l.* a year, but has no Parliamentary Secretary. The President of the Board of Education has a salary of 2000*l.*, and is assisted in the work of controlling

our great system of national education by a Parliamentary Secretary, who gets 1200*l.* The First Commissioner of Works, head of the Office of Works, which performs overseeing duties in connection with royal palaces, State buildings and royal parks, has 2000*l.* per annum. The Postmaster-General receives 500*l.* a year more, or 2500*l.*, in consideration of his more onerous duties and responsibilities in the control of the postal and telegraph services.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland is paid 4425*l.* The salary was formerly 5500*l.* The Committee on Official Salaries, in 1850, recommended its reduction to 3000*l.*; but it was fixed at 4000*l.* with an extra allowance of 425*l.* for the special expense of the post. The Chief Secretary has also an official residence in the Phoenix Park, Dublin. He is paid double the salary of an Under-Secretary of State—besides his extra allowance—because he is exposed to large additional expense by being obliged to reside partly in London and partly in Dublin. Formerly the Chief Secretary was subordinate to the Home Office, but he has been for many years independent of all control by that department. His full title is "Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland." The relations between the Lord-Lieutenant and his Chief Secretary, have, however, become inverted in recent times. The Chief Secretary is now solely responsible to Parliament for the administration of Irish affairs; and the Viceroyalty has become more and more a position of dignity rather than of political power. The most highly paid office in the administration is that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the salary being 20,000*l.* a year, with an allowance of 2769*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* for outfit on appointment, and an official residence in the Phoenix Park, known as the Viceregal Lodge, as well as apartments in Dublin Castle. There

is also a political office of Vice-President of the Irish Department of Agriculture, created in 1899, to which a salary of 1200*l.* a year is attached.

A more hard-worked Minister than the Chief Secretary for Ireland is not in the administration. Mr. George Wyndham, speaking in the House of Commons on February 20, 1905, said, "Owing to the exacting demands that Ireland makes upon the time and attention of a Minister, I had not enjoyed a holiday for six years." The corresponding office for Scotland is of far less responsibility. The salary of the Secretary for Scotland is 2,000*l.* a year.

The Lord Chancellor, as head of the Chancery Division of the High Courts of Justice, is the highest judicial official in the land. As Speaker of the House of Lords, he presides over that assembly when it sits either as a branch of the Legislature or as the Supreme Court of Appeal. The salary attached to the office is 10,000*l.*—4000*l.* as Speaker of the House of Lords and 6000*l.* as Judge. There is also a Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who gets 8000*l.* a year. Indeed, the best-paid posts in the Government are the legal. The Attorney-General has a salary of 7000*l.*, and the Solicitor-General 6000*l.*; and both receive, in addition, high fees for cases they conduct on behalf of the Crown in the law courts. According to a Parliamentary return published in 1895, the highest sum paid in salaries and fees to the Attorney-General in any year between 1880 and 1895 was in 1893-94, when the total reached 20,285*l.*, this being made up as follows: Salary, 7000*l.*, fees, 12,635*l.*; clerks, 650*l.* The Attorney-General that year was Sir Charles Russell, and his exceptionally high fees were due to his appearance in the Behring Sea Arbitration. The lowest point reached during the fifteen years was in 1889-90, when the total was 9179*l.* The highest remuneration re-

ceived by the Solicitor-General between 1880 and 1895 was in 1888-89, when 6000*l.* was paid in salary and 5056*l.* in fees—total, 11,056*l.*; and the lowest was in 1891-92, when the emoluments fell to 7168*l.* In 1903 the salary and fees of the Attorney-General amounted to 19,921*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, and the salary and fees of the Solicitor-General to 13,068*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.* In 1904 the emoluments were—Attorney-General, 12,993*l.*; Solicitor-General, 9748*l.* They are the confidential advisers of the Government on legal questions. Both also expound and defend legal sections of Government Bills in Committee of the House of Commons. The Lord Advocate of Scotland is paid 5000*l.* and fees, and the Solicitor-General for Scotland 2000*l.* and fees. In the case of Ireland, the Attorney-General gets 5000*l.* and fees, which amounted in 1904 to 7000*l.*; and the Solicitor-General 2000*l.* and fees, which in the same year reached 4000*l.*

There are three sinecure posts in the administration. The first in dignity is the Lord President of the Council. He presides at the meetings of the Privy Council; but practically the only occasion on which all its members assemble is at the demise of the Crown, when it becomes the duty of that ancient body to meet for the purpose of proclaiming the new sovereign. Formerly the Lord President was the chairman of certain committees of the Privy Council, which were long ago abolished. In 1837, when Lord John Russell took the first step to establish a system of national education, a Committee of the Privy Council was appointed to administer the moneys which Parliament voted for the purpose, and over its deliberations the Lord President presided. In 1855 a new office was created—that of Vice-President of the Council—which in time became vested with all the administrative duties in connection with educa-

tion, and that, too, disappeared when the Board of Education was created in 1899. In like manner the duties of the Privy Council in regard to trade have long since been transferred to the Board of Trade, and its duties in regard to public health have gone to the Local Government Board. Again, the Lord President controlled the exercise of the statutory powers of the Privy Council in connection with the prevention of cattle-disease; but the recent creation of a Board of Agriculture took that work out of his hands and left him without any business. The office carries a salary of 2000*l*.

The office of Lord Privy Seal is a survival from the historic past when the Privy Council sought to restrain the acts of the Crown by insisting that the Lord Chancellor should not affix the Imprimature of the Great Seal to any grant, or patent, or writ which the Sovereign desired to issue, without their authorization in the form of a warrant under the Privy Seal. In these happy days of Parliamentary government, the Lord Privy Seal has no departmental duties, but he gets a salary of 2000*l*. a year. The office is generally bestowed upon an aged and experienced peer whose counsel is desired at the deliberations of the Cabinet.

Another office of dignity rather than of responsibility is that of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. His duties—in connection with the control of the revenues of the Duchy, which are vested in the Sovereign and his heirs—are purely nominal, so that he is free to come to the assistance of any member of the administration when hard pressed in Parliament or by departmental work. He is paid 2000*l*. per annum for his services.

In addition to the ministerial offices, there are a number of posts in the Royal Household, which, like those in the administration, are vacated at a

change of Government. The Master of the Horse is paid 2500*l*. per annum. There was also the Master of the Buckhounds, with a salary of 1500*l*.; but on the recommendation of a Parliamentary Committee the Royal hunt was discontinued, and the post was not filled by the present Government. The Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain are each paid 2000*l*.; the Vice-Chamberlain, 900*l*.; the Comptroller of the Household and the Treasurer of the Household 904*l*. each. There are also seven Lords-in-Waiting, each of whom has 702*l*. per annum; a Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting at 334*l*.; a Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and a Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, each at 1200*l*.; and a Mistress of the Robes, who is generally a duchess, at 500*l*. The duties attached to these offices are of a ceremonial character, and are exceedingly light. But the appointments enable the Government to secure, principally in the House of Lords, the services of men competent to assist them in different capacities both in and out of Parliament. Finally, there is one unpaid Minister in the administration, and that is, strange to say, the Paymaster-General. He is the head of the office which makes the payments required by the different departments of State out of the sums voted for the purpose by the House of Commons, and placed to his account by the Treasury. He issues the warrants for the salaries of his colleagues in the Ministry, and gets nothing himself. What a tantalizing position! But it is not salary, it is position, which is the attraction; and the Paymaster-General, though unpaid, is a member of the administration.

A Minister may look forward to a pension on retiring from office after a certain number of years' service. An ex-Lord Chancellor of England receives 5000*l*. a year, but in consideration of the pension continues to act as

a Law Lord. An ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland gets 3692*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*, the penny, no doubt, like the more substantial remainder of the pension, being duly paid quarterly in farthings. These pensions are payable as a matter of course, however brief may have been the periods of service. In the corrupt stage of political life, when probity often sat loose upon public men, there were numerous fat pensions and sinecure offices for Ministers who were needy or simply greedy; but as political morality developed with the progress of the nineteenth century, or as the taxpayer grew impatient of his increasing burdens, this egregious system of growing rich or repairing broken fortunes at the public expense gradually came to an end. In 1869, the granting of pensions to ex-Ministers was relieved of even the suspicion of venality by the passing of the Political Offices Pensions Act. Three classes of pensions for ex-Ministers were created—namely, a first-class pension of 2000*l.* a year, for four years' service in an office of not less than 5000*l.* a year; a second-class pension of 1200*l.*, for five years' service in an office of less than 5000*l.* and not less than 2000*l.* a year; and a third-class pension of 800*l.* for five years' service in an office of less than 2000*l.* and more than 1000*l.* a year. The period of service may be continuous, or at different times, and in different offices of the same class. "No new pension shall be granted in any class while four pensions in that class are subsisting," says the Act, "nor shall more than one pension under the Act be granted in the same year." An applicant for one of these pensions must make a declaration that it is necessary to maintain the dignity of his position as an ex-Minister of the Crown, and should he have an accession of fortune the pension is to be relinquished. It is also provided that should the pensioner be again appointed to office with

salary, he is not entitled to draw the pension while he is in office. Only fourteen ex-Ministers have been obliged to take advantage of the Act during the thirty-six years in which it has been in operation. It is interesting to note that Gladstone, in his last term of office, had come to hold strongly the view that these political pensions should be abolished. "He was only deterred from trying to carry out his views," writes Mr. John Morley in his *Life of Gladstone*, "by the reminder from younger Ministers, not themselves applicants, nor ever likely to be, that it would hardly be a gracious thing to cut off benefactions at a time when the bestowal of them was passing away from him, though he had used them freely while that bestowal was within his reach."

I do not think it can be said that the salaries attached to political offices are more than fair remuneration, considering the important duties and weighty responsibilities of these positions. Two curiously opposite tendencies may be observed to-day in the conduct of the affairs of the nation. It is an economical age. There is quite a rage for seeing that the public service is discharged at the smallest possible expense consistent with efficiency. At the same time there is an ever-growing demand for the widening of the sphere of the State's activity, which, of course, makes bigger and bigger the bill presented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer year after year to the nation for payment. The latter tendency has led, among other things, to the interference by members of the House of Commons—the legitimate and very proper interference—in the most minute details of departmental administration. There has been, accordingly, an immense increase in the duties and responsibilities of every Minister of State. Lord Rosebery, speaking at the opening of the Colman

Institute for Working Men, at Redhill, Surrey, in November 1904, claimed for every Minister of the Crown the title of "a working man." It is a claim easy to substantiate. Think of all that falls to a Minister to do. He has to assist in framing the political policy of the Government, and to defend it in Parliament and in the country at public meetings. He has, further, to frame the particular measures of his office, and to submit them to Parliament. He has to discharge the heavy administrative duties of his office. He has to spend long hours in Parliament, at the call of the division-bell, which is a serious hindrance to progress in his work. Said Lord Rosebery in extremely interesting passages:

"The burden in the time of Mr. Pitt was a very heavy one, but it was as the burden of a little finger in reality compared with the weight that rests upon Ministers now. At comparatively rare periods messengers arrived from the Continent to Mr. Pitt and his Government laden with despatches containing all the news that was then to be given, very often very old, sometimes, I suspect, worthless because it was so old; but, at any rate, it was a fixed and periodical arrival, which might be anticipated and could be measured. But now, with the invention of the telegraph, the Minister has no limit or bounds to his responsibilities or his activities. He lives at one end of a wire which is firmly fixed in his entrails, so to speak, the other end of which is fixed at any centre of electrical disturbance which may happen in the universe, and is constantly giving the Minister shocks of the most serious kind. Never for a moment—that is my point—is he free from the strain and stress of nerves, brain, and body which make his occupation almost a superhuman one."

Still, official salaries stand to-day ex-

actly as they were fixed in 1831. Gladstone had a passion for economy. He even grudged expenditure on the garden of his official residence as First Lord of the Treasury in Downing Street, so eager was his desire to save the national exchequer. But he always considered that he earned his salary as a Minister of State. John Bright, on the other hand, had a curious compunctious visiting of shame when the quarterly cheque for his official salary arrived. "There I don't a bit agree with you, Bright," said Gladstone, to whom he once disclosed his feelings. "I had rather take my official money than anything I receive from land, for I know I have earned every penny of it."

It must be remembered, in considering the rewards of public service, that it is no easy matter to attain to office as a Minister of the Crown. The posts are few, the aspirants are many, the competition is keen. Apart from the three peers of the Blood Royal, and the twenty-six spiritual peers, who are ineligible for office, there are at present 574 members of the House of Lords, and 670 members of the House of Commons, or a total of 1244, who are qualified, at least as members of Parliament, to fill the sixty-two offices in the administration, with the exception of Mistress of the Robes in the Royal Household.

Some favorites of fortune attain to office while yet they are young. But most members of Parliament never reach it, even after long and brilliant careers in public life. It is a curious circumstance that Fox, who was forty years in Parliament—having entered the House of Commons when he was nineteen, and retained his seat until his death at the age of fifty-nine—held Cabinet office for only about eighteen months. In 1782 he was Secretary of State for three months in the Rockingham Administration; in 1783 he filled

the same office for nine months during his coalition with Lord North, joint Secretary of State, with the Duke of Portland, as Premier, nominally rather than effectually at the head of affairs. Then followed twenty-three years of Opposition during the long and brilliant ascendancy of William Pitt. In January 1806 Pitt died, and in the Grenville Government which followed Fox returned to office for the third time as Secretary of State. Once more his tenure of the office was brief. After eight months it was brought to an end by his premature death in September 1806.

Fox was a rake, and, being a younger son, naturally he was always in debt. But he never mourned for the spoils of office so that he could the more freely indulge in his tastes as a man of pleasure. He desired office that he might embody his political ideas in Acts of Parliament. He moved his famous resolution for the abolition of the slave trade in June 1806. His health had broken down, and, conscious that the end was near at hand, he declared that after forty years of public life he should retire, feeling that he had done his duty, if he carried his motion. The motion was carried by a majority of 99—114 voting for it, and only 15 against. It was practically his last appearance in the House, as a few days later disease compelled him to retire.

On the other hand, William Pitt, as a Minister, was the spoiled darling of fortune. In 1782, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Shelburne Administration. He was out of office for the nine months in 1783 during which Fox and North were in power. But in December of that year, on the dismissal of the Coalition Government, he became First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister, and he was not yet twenty-five. He held these offices for the un-

broken term of seventeen years. As First Lord of the Treasury he had 5000*l.* a year, and 5398*l.* a year as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had, besides, the official residence in Downing Street. The Clerkship of the Pells, a sinecure office worth 3000*l.* a year, fell vacant on Pitt's accession to power; and in that age of jobs it was deemed a remarkable instance of disinterestedness that, instead of taking the place himself, and thus acquiring an independence for life, he should give it to a friend. But on the death of Lord North in 1792, George III. appointed him to the sinecure office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports with a salary of 4000*l.*—reduced by payments to subordinates to 3080*l.*—and the seaside residence of Walmer Castle. For eight years, therefore, he had 10,398*l.* per annum, and for another nine years, 13,478*l.* per annum, from the State. Yet on his resignation in 1801—owing to the refusal of the King to sanction the emancipation of the Catholics, without which Pitt regarded the Union with Ireland which he had just carried as incomplete—he was in debt to the amount of 45,000*l.* As his official salaries were stopped—though, of course, he retained the 4000*l.* a year as Lord Warden—he was in danger of being thrown into prison as a debtor. The merchants of London offered him a free gift of 100,000*l.*, and the King tendered him 30,000*l.* from his Privy Purse, so that he might extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament. He declined both offers. He, however, accepted from fourteen personal friends and political supporters 11,700*l.* as a loan, by which he was enabled to discharge the most pressing of his creditors. In May 1804 he returned to power as First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister, and again drew the double salaries of 10,398*l.* until he died, in office, on January 23, 1806. His

debts were paid by Parliament. They amounted to the enormous sum of 40,000*l.*, exclusive of the 11,700*l.* advanced to him in 1801 by his friends, who now declined repayment.

What was the explanation of Pitt's indebtedness? His private life seems to have been remarkably pure. His one dissipation was an extra bottle of port. He was a bachelor. A man of cold and shy manners he had few friends—his nose, as Romney said, was turned up to all mankind—he mixed little in society, and he was not given to hospitality. Yet with 13,478*l.* a year, and town and seaside houses "free of coal, candles, and taxes"—to quote the official phrase of the time—in each of which he maintained but a plain and inexpensive establishment, he died at the early age of forty-seven, owing 51,700*l.* The only explanation of the mystery that has been advanced is that, so absorbed was Pitt in public life, and so indifferent was he to money, he neglected his private affairs and was robbed by his servants. It was an hereditary weakness, perhaps. His father, the first Earl of Chatham, of whose private life Lord Chesterfield wrote, "It was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness," died in debt to the extent of 20,000*l.*, which Parliament paid, as well as settling an annuity of 4000*l.* a year on his successors in the earldom.

"Dispensing for near twenty years the favors of the Crown," says Canning in the epitaph he wrote of William Pitt, "he lived without ostentation and he died poor." Further than this it is now impossible to carry the story of the material result to himself of Pitt's official career. But these happy words are of general application as a tribute to the devotion, honesty, and self-sacrifice of the Ministers of the Crown. There is no instance of a Prime Minister who grew rich in office. Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated in the

Lobby of the House of Commons on May 11, 1812, left his family so ill-provided for that Parliament had to come to their assistance. As is usual in such cases, Parliament acted handsomely. It made a grant of 50,000*l.* to the family, and voted to the widow a pension of 2000*l.* a year, which on her death was to be continued to the eldest son and increased to 3000*l.* Lord John Russell, when he was Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, declared that no man could fill any of the high offices of the State unless he had a private fortune. "For my part," said he, "I never had a debt in my life till I was First Lord of the Treasury." It is necessary for a Minister largely to increase his expenditure in order to meet the calls and claims of his position. He must live in a better style in office than in opposition. A large house, servants, and carriages are essential to the fulfilling his social obligations. "If I recollect aright," said Lord John Russell to the Committee on Official Salaries in 1850, "when Monsieur de Tercy went from France to endeavor to make peace with the Dutch Government, he was very much struck, on calling upon the Grand Pensionary, to find the door opened by a servant-maid, and he thought it showed very great republican simplicity; and no doubt it was very becoming. But I think that if Lord Palmerston had only a housemaid to open the door, and foreign Ministers called there, everybody would say that he was very mean and unfit for his situation." Palmerston at the time was Foreign Secretary, and was noted for his lavish hospitality. When Gladstone was appointed Prime Minister in 1868 he removed to Carlton House Terrace. In 1875, after his defeat at the polls, he wrote to his wife that they must retrench their expenditure. "The truth is," he says, "that innocently and from special causes we have, on the whole, been

housed better than according to our circumstances. All along Carlton House Terrace, I think, you would not find anyone with less than 20,000*l.* a year, and most of them with much more." His official salary was but 5000*l.*; and when it was stopped he retired to Harley Street. On again attaining to the Premiership, he migrated from the brown bed to the blue, and, in the exalted region of Carlton House Terrace once more, spent considerably over his salary as First Lord of the Treasury.

The emoluments of office were an important consideration to some of the greatest men in political history. Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Perceval, and Canning had no hereditary fortunes, and if there were not adequate salaries attached to office, they could never have placed their great abilities at the service of the country. Edmund Burke, whose efforts to effect economic reform in the administration of the affairs of the Kingdom led to the abolition of many political sinecures, insisted, nevertheless, that reasonable compensation should be paid to Ministers. Said he:

"I will even go so far as to affirm that if men were willing to serve in such situations without salary, they ought not to be permitted to do it. Ordinary service must be secured by the motives to ordinary integrity. I do not hesitate to say that the State which lays its foundation in rare and heroic virtues will be sure to have its superstructure in the basest profligacy and corruption. An honorable and fair profit is the best security against avarice and rapacity, as in all things else a lawful and regulated enjoyment is the best security against debauchery and excess."

Moreover, if the salaries of office were meagre, statesmanship would become a mere appendage of wealth. In former times most of the offices of

the State fell to members of the territorial aristocracy with ample private means as well as great traditions of public service. To these men, with personal fortunes of 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* a year, the emoluments of office may have meant an unconsidered trifle. But the old practice of confining the offices of State to men of hereditary position and wealth no longer obtains. The tendency to open the arena of statesmanship to all, without distinction of birth or rank or fortune, is bound to obtain greater force as time progresses, and in order to attract to the service of the State the men best equipped for it in intellectual ability, business capacity, and practical experience in affairs, the salaries attached to office must at least be adequate.

But the fact remains that the remuneration is not, and never can be, the attraction of the public service. Those are few who make politics a profession. Men do not embark on a political career with the object of attaining office as a means of livelihood, in the way in which men choose to become clergymen, lawyers, or doctors. The uncertainty of attaining to office, and, in the event of reaching the goal, the inevitable shortness of its tenure, will always make statesmanship a precarious calling. Members of Parliament are, as a rule, engaged in commercial and professional occupations, and they follow politics as a concurrent career. A few who show a special aptitude for official life ultimately reach the Treasury Bench, but they hold on, nevertheless, to the established and secure positions on which they have hitherto depended for their bread-and-butter. Some aspire to office because of the prominence of a Minister of the Crown in the public eye. Others are animated by the instinct of domination. They desire power and influence for the pleasure of the mere exercise

of authority. To a few, no doubt, the quarterly cheque is the attraction. But the main motive is, surely, an aspiration of service, not of aggrandizement—an ambition to rule the State for its good, according to certain well-established political opinions.

"This won't do. You have taken the Queen's shilling." So said Disraeli to a member of his administration who was absent without due cause from a division in the House of Commons. It is not often that a Minister has to be reprimanded by his chief for laxity in the discharge of his responsibilities and duties either to his party or to the State. The administrators of the affairs of the nation have always been noted for the most scrupulous devotion to the public interest. Happy country! It has men of the highest class of ability and integrity ever ready to take its burdens upon their shoulders. So rare has been the purely selfish statesman in its history that the public confidence in the honesty or disinterestedness of its Minis-

ters is unshakable. It does not, of course, follow that the excellent men who become Ministers are always the best of politicians. Personal integrity and intellectual ability are, of course, some assurance of wisdom in the guidance of the State. But they are not an infallible guarantee. If they were, there would never be a need for a change of government. It has happened, now and then, that the principles of an administration were large and lofty enough to bring the nation to ruin. But this much is true—that if Ministers cling to office in times of party stress and difficulty, it is not because of the emoluments of office. It is, in the main, because of a real concern for the welfare of the Commonwealth; because they are convinced that the administration of public affairs in the light of their party principles is essential to the salvation of the country. That—and, feeling they would be beaten at the polls, the human weakness "to keep out the other fellows."

Michael MacDonagh.

Longman's Magazine.

ROOMS THAT I HAVE LOVED.

I think it is Emerson who says somewhere that "Things are the snake." Far be it from me to question any statement made by the Concord Sage; but I feel that I may modestly add that things make uncommonly agreeable snakes at times, with charming associations in their graceful curves. As I look back to early childhood, I recall how much the said despised things had to do with my happiness; and even to-day a bit of china, an engraving or a book will call back the memory of hours, gone for ever in one sense, living for ever in another, kept alive by love, gratitude, and the bond made by shared tears and laughter.

In the first room that I ever loved are the same things that made it my haven and my delight from babyhood. It is a large, square room, with two windows in a curved bow, one letting in the earliest south-east ray of the sun, the other holding the last south-west beams. Although in a town it is in the old-fashioned quarter, where the yards are spacious; and the windows look on a large willow, and a gnarled cherry-tree where an oriole builds his nest every spring, flashing his orange body through the white blossoms, and giving his melodious whistle.

I don't suppose that an outsider

would find the room very beautiful; it is certainly not at all gorgeous, although full of substantial comfort. The walls are a soft blue, and on them hang all sorts of pictures, marking stages in the owner's life. There are prints from a former home, photographs and engravings of paintings she loves, a marvellous sampler wrought in 1736 by a far-away grandma, and over the bed a life-sized portrait of a little girl.

Such a dear and naughty little girl she is! The picture must have been painted about 1840, as is testified by the neatly-crossed ribbons fastening the slippers, and the fashion of the yellow merino frock, low-necked and short-sleeved, trimmed with many rows of narrow black velvet. The little girl has auburn curls, quite short, falling on each side of her round face, and her white brow is displayed by a precise parting; but no primness of dress or hair can wipe away the twinkle in the blue eyes, or quench the mischief in the manner with which she grasps an unfortunate gray kitten who is evidently uneasy in its position. I used to look at the little girl when I was about the same age, and then try to find her in the face of the original; at that time it was difficult for me to trace any likeness, but to-day I recognize the soul expression which may have become stronger with the years.

The walls in this room have always been the same color, ever since I can remember, but from time to time the coverings of the cosy sofa and the big chairs, as well as the curtains, were altered, and then my excitement was great. We young ones used to discuss with fervor the rival charms of a soft gray shiny chintz with clumps of big June roses, round which was a fine border of tiny black dots, and a gay "sugar-plum" pattern on a buff ground. Once there were gray shaded figures

of cupids and fountains on bright pink that we all hated, and economy was obliged to bow to the family distaste and substitute something of which we approved. Pieces of colonial furniture are there for which I have a great liking, a highboy from a great-grandfather's house, and a wide brass-bedecked secretary.

One of the happiest memories connected with this room is of those days when some indisposition kept me at home from school. When my invalid's toilet had been made I was allowed to go downstairs and creep into the big, soft bed where the day was to be spent. Who could dislike a sore throat, or even something worse under such conditions? Surely not I!

As I write, with many years between, I can feel the atmosphere of the place; the outer winter air in its tingling freshness battling with the warmth of the fire; the faint scent of tea-leaves where the broom had been; the cool sheets and the yielding blankets that cuddled so well round my neck, luxuriously chasing away the beginning of a shiver brought on by my journey.

Then the amusements provided for me! First and foremost was the delight of putting in order the upper bureau drawer. This was taken from the bureau and placed beside me so that I could turn over its treasures. I was well on in life before I could quite understand why many of those wonderful gems never saw the light of day, and why ornaments to which custom had rendered me indifferent were preferred by their owner. The drawer had an odor entirely its own, coming from the cedar-wood with which it was lined, the sandal-wood of a carved fan, and a whiff of attar of rose from one drop imprisoned in a white and gold bottle. There was a bracelet I thought of as combining every beauty of Aladdin's palace; it was formed of

six mosaics set in massive gold; on a black ground were represented all sorts of flowers that no botanist could classify, I'm sure. There was a set of coral, the brooch a most ravishing mermaid issuing from a cluster of roses; there were two card-cases, one a bit of Chinese carved ivory, the other some fine enamel work on gold. I used to study the tiny bunches of purple grapes, the red pomegranates and the brilliant birds perched in the foliage with never-ending joy.

When these and similar delights palled there was always some one in the sunny room to read aloud, and make me forget all pain. In the early times my favorites were "Holiday House" and the "Swiss Family Robinson." Then as I grew older other friends took their places; "Barnaby Rudge" is connected with quite a grown-up attack of measles, and "Vanity Fair" with severe tonsillitis.

Toward afternoon, when the bed had grown uncomfortable, and the books were finished, I used to begin to listen for another step on the stairs. When I heard it I knew that the family head was coming home, and that his coming meant, first a feast of vanilla ice-cream, and after that more reading, generally a funny tale that would make me laugh. My days of illness were so agreeable that I wonder I did not feign sickness oftener. That I did not shows what a powerful factor in New England is its famed and abused conscience.

I have loved other rooms since then, but this one will always stand first and best, being the visible sign to me of all that is meant by the magic word Home.

Another room I loved in early youth was a nursery, not in our house, but in that of a cousin just across the street. There were eight children in that house, and I regarded it as the most entertaining place in the world.

The nursery in question was a large, low room; there was a perpetual coal-fire burning behind the high, battered fender; the furniture was of a kind that feared not the hand of child; there were deep cupboards on each side of the fire-place where the play-things were stored.

When this nursery became my chief playground I was about ten; there were younger ones in the family upon whom my particular friend and I looked scornfully as babies; there were older members who seemed to us rather exciting persons, and who flattered us beyond words when they condescended to play with us on rainy days. But our main pleasure was when we two were all alone—at times we allowed a younger sister to look at us if she solemnly promised never to speak, and I think her silent admiration stimulated us—and then our favorite game began. This generally took place when the babies were having their naps in other nurseries and the nurses were at dinner; as it was a quiet game no one interfered with us during its process.

It began by building with blocks a rambling and intricate house on the floor. It was only outlined, but our imaginations filled in the spaces indicated with wainscoted parlors, vaulted halls, brocade-hung bowers. The inhabitants of this mansion were empty reels, their sole clothing being buttons which we collected, and with which we decked them by placing the said buttons on their heads. I remember my grandmother's wondering at my rapture when she gave me a small mosaic button with a forget-me-not on it; she could not have understood that to my eyes it represented an entire ball dress for the heroine of our game. This heroine was a slender reel that must once have been wound with the finest of thread; her name was Madeline one day, Rosamond the next, ow-

ing to a violent difference of taste in the matter of nomenclature. We had come to blows, scratches, and tears before we hit upon this plan of reconciling our defined preferences, but after that all went merry as a marriage bell.

Madeline or Rosamond lived in this rambling house, which boasted a secret chamber as one of its great attractions, and in this chamber she hid her brother, who had escaped from battle with his life only; his enemy hotly pursued him, and the captain of the band took up his abode in the house. Then followed our reel's struggles to feed her brother and escape the notice of the officer, hoodwink her younger brothers and sisters, and finally her falling in love with the enemy! This game went on day after day; whether the war in question was waged between Cavalier and Roundhead or between the sections of our own country mattered little; we had no more critical public to pick flaws in our creations than the open-eyed little sister, and we revelled in limitless fancy.

The old nursery is no longer in the same family; I have not seen it since those days, but it can never change very much for me, and I seldom see a particularly elegant reel without recalling the thrill of romantic adventure.

Another nursery game much affected by me was less innocent, but possessed more active excitement. I would warily watch for the temporary absence of our nurse—and here I must digress to say a few words about that wonderful person. Educated in my great-grandmother's house, she went with my grandmother on her marriage, and helped to bring up the succeeding generation; in due time she migrated to our nursery, and brought to bear on my sister and me the same stern measures that had first been tried on our elders. Tall, thin, angular, her face was sharp and pale, all the color nature could afford to give her having

passed into her bright red and very curly hair.

I can see her now in the cold mornings when I was still deep in my warm bed, one uncovered eye watching her as she twisted up her "back hair," the two front divisions held firmly between her lips. The French twist having been settled to her liking, she would curl the front locks in two long ringlets which hung on either side of her face. There was something machine-like in her movements that fascinated me. What a remarkably clean creature she was, too! My poor little body shone night and morning under her merciless application of soap and water; she would say, "cleanliness is next to godliness," as she rubbed my nose with unnecessary force the wrong way; some grotesque sense of association used to make me think afterwards that all godly persons must have red, upturned noses.

Her name was Rebecca, changed in our childish jargon to Baboo—how, I know not. We loved her, but we feared her, too; so it was with a feeling of daring that in a way justified the game that I would see her depart for the kitchen regions and then carefully lock the door. After this I would ask my junior with honied sweetness if she would like to play a lovely game. All unsuspecting, she would eagerly answer Yes. Then I would pull from the closet the nursery tub, a long, boat-shaped thing standing on two supports; into this I would put my small sister, who at this point generally began to display a certain reluctance for her impending rôle; round her I would wrap a Scotch plaid cloak, and then, rowing lustily with imaginary oars, recite at the top of my voice the ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; as the plot became more active I would abandon my oars and rudely rock the tub. The more my companion cried, the better pleased was I; it made it so

much more real to see tears and hear sobs that had no make-believe about them.

Then, when the inevitable rattle at the door handle, and the words, "Let me in, this moment, you naughty girl!" came, I took them as a signal that the play was over, the tub would be up-set, "the waters wild" would receive my struggling sister, and I would let Baboo enter, always surprised that she could not understand how silly it was to cry when one was not really drowned.

Another room connected with this part of my life, and with later years also, was the parlor of the old farm-house where we passed our summers. As I grew older I began to take a personal pride in this room, and to do my share in decorating it. We generally left town early, not waiting for the oriole to build his nest in the cherry-tree. And then began the bustle of getting our main sitting-room to rights. It had six windows, some looking into the little garden or "front yard" surrounded by a white picket fence. From the front door a short, brick walk led to four steps, and at the foot of these steps was the gravel path that took a straight line from them to the gate between borders of hollyhocks, Canterbury bells, and day lilies. The other windows looked across gently-rolling fields to the river, where it was crossed by a three-arched stone bridge, and beyond were the hills.

How I loved those undulating hills! From the time I saw them first with the plum bloom on their bare boughs, till they lay rich as a cashmere shawl in their autumn tints, I loved them. There was a dark line of pines that cut the deciduous foliage at one point, and used to make me think of black-cowled monks winding up the steep path to some solemn service—a funeral, perhaps. The parlor itself was unpretentious enough, with simple wainscoting

painted white, and a high wooden mantelpiece with a narrow ledge. The walls were painted pale green, and the great interest of the feminine portion of the family was to put up white muslin curtains in all the six windows as soon as possible.

It seems to me, as I look back, that we invariably awakened to a three days' north-east storm the morning after our arrival. And that is a serious matter in New England, let me tell you. The wind would howl, the rain beat against all those window-panes, and the hills would be blurred out of existence. But we were a busy, merry crowd gathered round the snapping, crackling logs in the fire-place.

All about the floor the billowy heaps of muslin lay, while the capable member of the family tore off the necessary lengths with a rending noise. Yard after yard of ruffling was required, and all the maids were set to work, while among us even the intellectual one was told that she might be useful for once. The intellectual one is the little girl of the portrait, grown up, you must bear in mind. This was a time of triumph for me; she knew so much more of books and art and music than I could hope to attain, even by straining my imagination, that when I heard them bid her bring her work-box my heart leaped within me. Such a sorry work-box as it was, too! I recall her air of astonishment when she was told that her needle was too coarse; she said she only had one; what was the use of more? The ruffles being cut on the bias she invariably sewed the wrong ends together with severe painstaking and minute stitches. It always ended in her being told to read aloud to us, and to lay her solitary needle aside.

The crisp curtains up, the piano tuned, books on the tables, an air of living began to take possession of the place that had lain dormant through the winter months while the snow

stretched deep and white without, and the procession of wild flowers started with which we loved to deck it. The head of the family and I were the enthusiastic hunters after this sort of game.

Into the woods we went, fearing not wet nor fatigue, and the fruit of our expeditions were the rich, artificial-looking wood orchids that we called ladies' slippers (I remember my pride when I found a straw-colored one to vary the purple pink variety); the red and yellow wild columbine that looked like Chinese pagodas; the swamp azalea with its soft sticky leaves that felt like flannel, and its exquisite white blossoms with a faint flush on them; the mountain laurel, its clusters of small flowers as neat and clean as a sprigged muslin worn by one of Miss Austen's heroines; the wonderful cardinal flower, very rare, and found only on treacherous brook-sides where it flaunted its vivid scarlet; and so on, till we came to the fringed gentian in the autumn, and I was always indignant because to me it had not the color to justify the lines:

Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

To my unpoetic eye it was quite a dull purple. I wonder if other blossoms are as lovely as these? I have seen marvellous collections since those walks, but the haze of distance gives them a veil of beauty that others lack.

In the late autumns when the woods were bare of bloom we gathered the brilliant, frost-touched leaves; and then began the joy of chestnut parties. Half-a-dozen of us, young and old—(I fancy the *old* were of an age I should consider raw youth now)—used to start off to collect the fallen chestnuts in the intense blue of an October afternoon in New England, the blood bubbling in our veins, laughter on our lips.

Round us circled the many dogs, each one of them looking forward to treeing at least a squirrel for his part of the fun. Who can think, without a thrill of youth, of the feeling of rustling leaves beneath the feet, the light and shade falling on the white stems of those ladylike trees, the birches, the call of a crow winging slowly and heavily overhead, the delicious warmth of the sun, and the fresh crispness of the air?

The evenings after these excursions leave pleasant memories too. The huge fire where we roasted the nuts; the ghost stories we told in its dancing light, lamps having been banished; the creepy sensation when the last good-night had been said, and I went to my room along the turning passages of that irregular house, now three steps up, then two down; the sleep that fell on my eyelids as my head sank into the pillow, "murmuring winds" lulling me into forgetfulness—yes, they are all happy memories.

There is music too in the air of this old room where I like to linger; every morning, after the day's orders had been given, my "Heavenly Twins" (a name I stole later for the owner of the blue room, and the intellectual one), would seat themselves at the piano, and read four-handed compositions. I was in the habit of taking that hour for my embroidery, and my needle would dance in time to a quick movement, trip lightly with a minuet, go ponderously in an andante, and lag mournfully in a funeral march. All the old names, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and many more, with some of the modern ones, are woven into the echoes of those mornings.

Now and then we would have the excitement of an evening party; clematis from the hedges was gathered to twine round the picture-frames; all the candlesticks in the house were called to

the front; food for the bodles of neighbors driving many miles for the great occasion was provided as well as food of a higher sort, this last being supplied by the intellectual one with two musicians from the city orchestra, a violinist and a 'cellist. The night for the party was always chosen with reference to a full moon, which made its appearance as inevitably as if it thought we were a *Waverley* novel; the candles would gleam softly within, the muslin curtains sway in the gentle breeze, and the divine strains evoked by the musicians would fill the air with such a piercing sweetness that I can remember creeping away to "feel" all by myself in some forgotten corner.

The next evening, when we had partaken of those dainties left us by our departed guests, and had gathered round the prosaic lamp, there would be a general sentiment always freely uttered by one of us, "Thank goodness, it's not last night; that's over!" The family book was then resumed, the perfume of cigar smoke hung unrebuked in the air, and the home sense resumed its sway.

How we discussed and differed and squabbled and enjoyed our books read aloud! Whether George Eliot or Jane Austen stood higher was a pet subject to be brought up by the mischievous when we threatened to become stagnant. I, loving both authors, would find my opinions turning ever to the last speaker either for or against, and I remained a very weathercock till I decided, wisely I think, to like them equally.

As I grew older another room entered into my life, where it has remained, and with it are wound those bands of friendship that strengthen as time passes. It is a town room, the walls covered with a beautiful collection of water-colors, and flowers everywhere. Music, books, and deep talks such as only true friends can have make up

the atmosphere of that room. I remember one spring when some trouble with my eyes prevented me from reading, going there every morning; and we two friends listened to the sweet voice and delightful intonation of the mother, as she read us book after book. How we discussed the problems presented therein! We two girls with all the positive knowledge of nineteen, our dear reader with the mellowed judgment given by experience.

At about this time a library belonging to two friends of the older members of my family began to exercise a great charm over me. It is a long room, two windows at either end, those at the back looking over the Charles River; I have seen the water one flood of crimson sunset light; I have seen it soft gray, the tones melting into one another so that it is hard to tell where the river ends and the land begins; I have seen it covered with dancing gold-touched ripples; I have seen it with the mother-o'-pearl tints that ice takes; but always beautiful, always suggestive.

The long walls of the room itself are lined with books, each one a treasure either from its intrinsic value, or from the autograph of its author decking the first page. Here have been seen most of the literary celebrities of the last forty years. Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, are some of those of our own countrymen who have accepted the gracious hospitality always offered in that house; Arnold, Thackeray, Dickens and Kingsley are among those who represent that literature which we proudly claim as ours by right of inheritance and fellow-feeling.

The glimpses caught of one or the other of these great men were enough to make me walk on air for days after; but still more prized were the hours of twilight when I have found the two hostesses, each so charming after her kind, by the tea-table with its pretty silver and china, the fire-light discreetly

lighting up the moss-green vista of the room, touching here and there a bit of gilding on one of the precious books. Then have the spoken memories of the authors already mentioned, and tales of others known across the seas—Tennyson in his own home kneeling to smell his violets in the dusk—Carlyle shaking his rugged locks—Dr. Brown in Edinburgh, whose mere name makes the lip of the dog-lover tremble—these and a score of other subjects have often made me forget the late hour, and the long walk home.

At last a day came when quite a different sort of room began to make itself felt in my heart—different, because it was *our* own exclusive property. *Pride* mingled too with the love. I am not sure that of all the house the china-closet and the linen-room lined with cedar-wood were not my favorites at first. There was much solemnity in the view we took of it all. Our entire future seemed to tremble in the balance when we differed on the shade to be chosen for our drawing-room paper. But the same tenacity of purpose—we never speak of our own attribute as obstinacy—that made me cling to the reel's name caused me to insist on the color that I wanted; and when the clerk unrolled the papers, lo and behold, we found that we had meant the same thing all the time, only we had each called it a wrong name! It was a pretty little house, and not a corner of it, from attic to cellar, but had felt the kind interest of the two families.

As I look back I find that my chief affection has clung to the nursery. A room that began by being so pretty and fresh; the paper given by one grandmamma, the muslin-decked bed also given by her, the old engravings given by the other that had hung in her family nursery a hundred years before, the high fender, all prepared with such care for its occupant. And then, as that occupant grew and made herself

felt, gradually the new glossiness wore off, the pretty walls were battered by dents and digs, the fender was bent, and the bed became severely utilitarian. A bird, or rather a procession of them, a tabby cat who was on friendly terms with the cage-dwellers owing to heavy feeding, and a terrier shared that apartment with its original owner, each one taking away somewhat of its freshness, and adding a tender memory to its crowded atmosphere.

Tragedies were enacted there as well as comedies; the death of Dicky-bird or Billy, as the case might be; the smashed head of a loved doll; the cropper over the head of the huge rocking-horse given by one of the grandpapas. Oh, how that rocking-horse troubled the nurse and me! The giver evidently felt that his love could only be measured by undue size, and the rockers were unmerciful in their attacks on unsuspecting ankle-bones. Many a night I have crept on tip-toe to breathe a tender prayer over my sleeping child, and had all holy thoughts shaken from me by the sharp agony of an encounter with those rockers.

There were happy Christmas Eves in that nursery, whole rows of ordinary stockings not sufficing for half the gifts brought by the generous Saint, so that the paternal knickerbocker hose had to be taxed to hold the more important parcels. The tea-parties, where we were obliged to sip horrible mixtures from mercifully small cups; the christenings and weddings of many dolls; later on the theatrical representations—all fill that nursery so full that it has swelled to the size of a cathedral in my mind to hold them.

And now my thoughts take a long step, over the seas into sunny France, to find my next loved room. It is in an ancient *château*, or rather *manoir*, in that part of France rightly named its garden. The house itself is what remains of a hunting-box, once the

property of Louis XI., and used by him as a *rendezvous de chasse*. The walls are six feet thick, and the deep-set windows form small rooms within rooms. The fire-place in the *salon* is roughly cut from stone quarried in the cliffs near by; the high iron fire-dogs end in open cups, formerly used to hold bunches of tow soaked in oil which, set on fire, lighted the apartment, and were placed near the chimney so that the smoke might escape up the wide opening, through which I have more than once seen the stars twinkling in the black sky above. It was an affair of importance to start the fire there on a winter morning; two men were needed to place the back log which often lasted during two days; the other logs were smaller and more easily handled. There is no mantelshelf, but a severe stone hood that goes up to the beamed ceiling.

The window-curtains are faded tapestries; sometimes the wind, howling up the Valley of the Loire from the sea, stirs these curtains, and then the mimic chase depicted on them grows half real; the hunted stags bound forward with fresh vigor, the hounds seem to give a faint cry as they follow in keen pursuit, and the trees move their masses of dim green leaves. The furniture speaks of succeeding generations, from the Gothic armchairs on either side of the grim chimney that look fit to grace a bishop's palace, down through substantial Louis XIV. examples to the last additions in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Happily, either the money gave out at that period, or taste set in, for modern atrocities are spared.

What sunsets reflected in the river have we seen through those windows with their leaded panes; what divine mornings have invaded the room through them, heavy with the odor of roses and lilacs, while the bulfinch, our annual visitor, sat below the terrace on the plum-tree, much to the gardener's

wrath, who could not understand why we preferred him to mirabelles; or the shy robin red-breast hopped out from his shelter beneath the laurels in the court, to retreat after nibbling the crumbs we spread; and the nightingales, so full of rapture that they could not tell night from day, belying all tradition by gurgling their rapturous song at midday as well as at midnight, filled the air with music.

Much of friendship went to make this room dear to me. Perhaps I had better mention the four-footed friendship first, that of our two dogs. One hour brought us all together, that of afternoon tea. The second mail had arrived an hour before, and any pressing letters had been answered; the serious work of the day was laid aside, and if by chance one of us was too absorbed to notice the time, an impatient scratch at the door of the writing-room brought back our thoughts to earthly needs of tea and toast. Hastening to the table set by the hearth we toasted slices of *pain de mie* on long iron forks fabricated by the village blacksmith. When all went well, such delicious toast was never tasted. But one of its charms was its uncertainty; a heedless movement, and the nearly perfect tartine would fall on to the bed of glowing embers, and smell temptingly as it shrivelled before our hungry eyes.

These preparations were watched by the dogs with deep, and not disinterested, attention. They sat on their haunches, incessantly wagging their tails, and now and then a sharp bark of protest would be given when they thought we were too long at our task. Then such beggings and pawings ensued when finally we had settled to our feast! They scorned toast, but small biscuits called *petits beurrés* were provided for them before their saucer of milk was given to them. There was always one day in the month, however, when the darlings were deprived of

their afternoon tea; this day was the one when the grocer's bill had been presented in the morning. "Why is it so much more than last month? What have we had?" "We waste a lot. Think of the *petits beurrés* those dogs eat! Three times they've been ordered. It's not right; they are too fat as it is; they must not be fed so indiscriminately."

It may have been an excellent resolution, and good economy; but the second day of deprivation waving paws and beseeching brown eyes were too much for us; when the author of the reform was seen surreptitiously giving generous morsels of the expensive *petits beurrés* under the table, the feebler-minded members of the family could not be expected to rise superior, and the two doggies waxed fat with no other word of protest—till the next month, and the next bill.

There was a figure which this old room grew to know well, one which has passed for ever from our sight. But how vivid is my memory of him who used to stand on the wide hearth, always bringing a sense of charm and interest with him. Sometimes he would arrive in hunting costume and tell of the stag taken or lost in the forest hard by; sometimes his coming would be heralded by the sound of bells, worn by his coach-horses in old-time fashion. He was the last, I think, of the old *régime*—the French noble who would have cut off his right hand, or sacrificed his eldest son for his king; to whom his family name was a sacred inheritance; whose tenants were like his children; in short, the embodiment of a *grand seigneur*.

It was like romance to hear him tell of bygone days in the neighborhood; names familiar to me through Horace Walpole's letters, or French memoirs of the eighteenth century, were familiar to him through family or friendly association, and many were the amusing tales unknown to history that he could

tell. I remember one of his anecdotes about his grandmother, a woman famous in her day, a heroine of the Revolution. She became blind in old age, and lived surrounded by a devoted circle of family and adherents who revered the ground she trod on. It was the fashion in that time for her admirers to make a sort of pilgrimage to her *château* to pay their respects to one who had served king and country as she had. One day, as she sat in her drawing-room, the servant announced a lady whose name was quite unknown to her; the stranger entered, took the hand held out to her and said:

"We, too, madame, are typical Frenchwomen, and as there was no chance of your being able to come and see me, I have taken the journey from Paris to make myself known in person, as I am already known by reputation to you. I am George Sand."

The old blind lady almost lost her senses as she heard the name; she gasped—"How dare you enter my presence? Put her out! Put her out!" The devoted hangers-on, who lived at her expense for the sake of dangers shared in the past, flew at the intruder, and might have injured her but for the interference of an old-maid daughter, who rescued the inopportune visitor, and saw her safely to the door, advising her not to repeat the experiment.

What a strange experience this must have been to the world-famous authoress! Contrast it with the description Mrs. Browning gives of kissing her hand, too much overcome by reverence and admiration to speak. How well it is that we are not all cut on the same pattern!

I have seen the coach in which this moral and intrepid old lady used to travel to Paris. Once, on arriving there, accompanied by a devoted maid and butler, she told her domestics that she had secured tickets for them at the Comédie Française, and bade them stay

till the end of the play, as she would not require their services that night. An hour after their departure, however, they reappeared, to her surprise, and on her asking them the reason of their early return, they replied:

"Madame la Marquise, we enjoyed ourselves very much; we saw a beautiful place full of finely-dressed people; we should have liked to stay longer, but suddenly a curtain went up, and there were two individuals talking over their private affairs; we felt we had no right to listen, so we came home."

Another anecdote of this old lady led to a great fright. One winter afternoon I was told that two *bonnes soeurs* wished to see me, and going into the hall I found two travelling nuns. They said that they had walked thirty *kilometres* that day, and had counted on finding a night's lodging at our village curé's; but on their arrival he had told them that his little presbytery was full, and had advised them to see what we could do for them. Of course I invited them to stay, and gave orders to have a room prepared. The rest of the family were told of this arrangement just as they were starting for a seven-mile drive to dine with our friend.

I was not going, having some writing that had to be finished that night. I dined with my two guests, and enjoyed hearing their remarks; they were so simple, and so grateful for my hospitality. After dinner they bade me good-night, and taking their candles went up the winding stone stairs to bed. In going, they made a picture so pretty that it looked too good to be true. The curving stone wall, pierced by a narrow window, with a picturesque seat cut from the thickness of the stone-work; and against this background the nuns, in flowing light gray robes, their fresh faces lighted up with a rosy gleam from the candles, which played, too, on the snowy linen surrounding their brows. I returned to

the big fire, my eyes well pleased with the sight.

I had expected the gay ones back about midnight, the road being long and the night dark; I was surprised, and a little worried, therefore, when the dogs warned me by rumbling growls that a carriage was approaching at a little before ten. I went to the hall, but had not time to open the door when two agitated forms burst in.

"Are you safe? Has anything happened to you?" they gasped. I answered in astonishment that I was quite safe; what had they expected? It turned out that their host, hearing of my visitors, said he hoped we had seen that their papers from the Bishop of Blois were in good form. When he was told that we, in our ignorance, had never asked to look at any papers whatever, he seemed much disturbed, and ended by equally disturbing my family by repeating to them the tale of his grandmother who in her youth entertained two travelling nuns, and wishing to serve them herself entered their room to take them some hot posset, and found one of them shaving! They were wolves in sheep's clothing, and had all their plans laid for robbing the *château*. Thus that old but forgotten dame spoilt a pleasant evening long after her death.

Other forms have peopled that large apartment, many of them familiar in the room already mentioned, others known later in life. An archbishop has given an added charm to the Gothic chair by the chimney nook; poets and authors well known to fame have talked of themselves round the tea-table; family quarrels have been discussed and sometimes adjusted there; peasants in wedding costume have stood there to receive our congratulations, and to drink our health; quaint provincial figures taken bodily from Balzac's pages have sat primly in a stiff circle, and have refused an offer

of tea with the excuse that they were not feeling ill; each individual adding his share to the accumulated images stored within our brains.

In this little paper I have imitated the sun-dial, only marking sunny hours. They are the best to keep in one's mind. To me there is something ungrateful in the sentiment, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier days." No, let us be thankful that

Temple Bar.

we have the happy ones to remember. Let us gather them into a fragrant posy, and keep their perfume fresh, by tears, if needs must, by gentle thoughts if possible.

And my posy is composed of shared laughter and sadness, kindred love of books, music, flowers, birds and beasts, of friendship, family affection, small naughtinesses, big kindnesses, all bound round with a ribbon of memory.

Helen Choate Prince.

FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

II.

The sun flares red behind leafless elms and battlemented towers as I come in from a lonely walk beside the river; above the chimney-tops hangs a thin veil of drifting smoke, blue in the golden light. The games in the Common are just coming to an end; a stream of long-coated spectators sets towards the town, mingled with the parti-colored muddled figures of the players. I have been strolling half the afternoon along the river bank, watching the boats passing up and down; hearing the shrill cries of coxes, the measured plash of oars, the rhythmic rattle of rowlocks, intermingled at intervals with the harsh grinding of the chain-ferries. Five-and-twenty years ago I was rowing here myself in one of these boats, and I do not wish to renew the experience. I cannot conceive why and in what feeble moment of misapplied patriotism I ever consented to lend a hand. I was not a good oar, and did not become a better one; I had no illusions about my performance, and any momentary complacency was generally sternly dispelled by the harsh criticism of the coach on the bank, when we rested for a moment to receive our meed of praise or blame. But though I have no sort of wish to repeat the process, to renew the

slavery which I found frankly and consistently intolerable, I find myself looking on at the cheerful scene with an amusement in which mingles a shadow of pain, because I feel that I have parted with something, a certain buoyancy and elasticity of body and perhaps spirit of which I was not conscious at the time, but which I now realize that I must have possessed. It is with an admiration mingled with envy that I see these youthful, shapely figures, bare-necked and bare-kneed, swinging rhythmically past. I watch a brisk crew lift a boat out of the water by a boat-house; half of them duck underneath to get hold of the other side, and they march up the grating gravel in a solemn procession. I see a pair of cheerful young men, released from tubing, execute a wild and inconsequent dance upon the water's edge; I see a solemn conference of deep import between a stroke and a coach, I see a neat, clean-limbed young man go airily up to a well-earned tea, without, I hope, a care or an anxiety in his mind, expecting and intending to spend an agreeable evening. "Oh, Jones of Trinity, oh, Smith of Queen's," I think to myself, "*tua si bona nobis!*" Make the best of the good time, my boy, before you go off to the office or the fourth-

form room, or the country parish! Live virtuously, make honest friends, read the good old books, lay up a store of kindly recollections, of firelit rooms in venerable courts, of pleasant talks, of innocent festivities. Very fresh is the brisk morning air, very fragrant is the newly-lighted bird's-eye, very lively is the clink of knives and forks, very keen is the savor of the roast beef that floats up to the dark rafters of the College Hall. But the days are short and the terms are few; and do not forget to be a sensible as well as a good-humored young man!"

Thackeray, in a delightful ballad, invites a pretty page to wait till he comes to forty years; well, I have waited—indeed, I have somewhat overshot the mark—and to-day the sight of all this brisk life, going on just as it used to do, with the same *insouciance* and the same merriment, makes me wish to reflect, to gather up the fragments, to see if it is all loss, all declension, or whether there is something left, some strength in what remains behind.

I have a theory that one ought to grow older in a tranquil and appropriate way, that one ought to be perfectly contented with one's time of life, that amusements and pursuits ought to alter naturally and easily, and not be regretfully abandoned. One ought not to be dragged protesting from the scene, catching desperately at every doorway and balustrade; one should walk off smiling. It is easier said than done. It is not a pleasant moment when a man first recognizes that he is out of place in the football field, that he cannot stoop with the old agility to pick up a skimming stroke to cover-point, that dancing is rather too heating to be decorous, that he cannot walk all day without undue somnolence after dinner, or rush off after a heavy meal without indigestion. These are sad moments which we all of us reach, but which are better laughed

over than fretted over. And a man who, out of sheer inability to part from boyhood, clings desperately and with apoplectic puffings to these things is an essentially grotesque figure. To listen to young men discussing one of these my belated contemporaries, and to hear one enforcing on another the amusement to be gained from watching the old buffer's manoeuvres, is a lesson against undue youthfulness. One can indeed give amusement without loss of dignity by being open to being induced to join in such things occasionally in an elderly way, without any attempt to disguise deficiencies. But that is the most that ought to be attempted. Perhaps the best way of all is to subside into the genial and interested looker-on, to be ready to applaud the game you cannot play, and to admire the dexterity you cannot rival.

What then, if any, are the gains that make up for the lack of youthful prowess? They are, I can contentedly say, many and great. In the first place, there is the loss of a quality which is productive of an extraordinary amount of pain among the young, the quality of self-consciousness. How often was one's peace of mind ruined by *gaucherie*, by shyness, by the painful consciousness of having nothing to say, and the still more painful consciousness of having said the wrong thing in the wrong way! Of course, it was all immensely exaggerated. If one went into chapel, for instance, with a straw hat, which one had forgotten to remove, over a surplice, one had the feeling for several days that it was written in letters of fire on every wall. I was myself an ardent conversationalist in early years, and, with the charming omniscience of youth, fancied that my opinion was far better worth having than the opinions of dons encrusted with pedantry and prejudice. But if I found myself in the society of these petrified persons, by the time that I had composed a

suitable remark, the slender opening had already closed, and my contribution was either not uttered at all, or hopelessly belated in its appearance. Or some deep generalization drawn from the dark backward of my vast experience would be produced, and either ruthlessly ignored or contemptuously corrected by some unsympathetic elder of unyielding voice and formed opinions. And then there was the crushing sense, at the conclusion of one of these interviews, of having been put down as a tiresome and heavy young man. I fully believed in my own liveliness and sprightliness, but it seemed an impossible task to persuade my elders that these qualities were there. A good-natured, elderly friend used at times to rally me upon my shyness, and say that it all came from thinking too much about myself. It was as useless as if one told a man with a toothache that it was mere self-absorption that made him suffer. For I have no doubt that the disease of self-consciousness is incident to intelligent youth. Marie Bashkirtseff, in the terrible self-revealing journals which she wrote, describes a visit that she paid to someone who had expressed an interest in her and a desire to see her. She says that as she passed the threshold of the room she breathed a prayer, "O God, make me worth seeing!" How often used one to desire to make an impression, to make oneself felt and appreciated!

Well, all that uneasy craving has left me. I no longer have any particular desire for or expectation of being impressive. One likes, of course, to feel brisk and lively; but whereas in the old days I used to enter a circle with the intention of endeavoring to be felt, of giving pleasure and interest, I now go in the humble hope of receiving either. The result is that, having got rid to a great extent of this pompous and self-regarding attitude of mind, I

not only find myself more at ease, but I also find other people infinitely more interesting. Instead of laying one's frigate alongside of another craft with the intention of conducting a boarding expedition, one pays a genial visit by means of the longboat with all the circumstances of courtesy and amiability. Instead of desiring to make conquests, I am glad enough to be tolerated. I dare, too, to say what I think, not alert for any symptoms of contradiction, but fully aware that my own point of view is but one of many, and quite prepared to revise it. In the old days I demanded agreement; I am now amused by divergence. In the old days I desired to convince; I am now only too thankful to be convinced of error and ignorance. I now no longer shrink from saying that I know nothing of a subject; in old days I used to make a pretence of omniscience, and had to submit irritably to being tamely unmasked. It seems to me that I must have been an unpleasant young man enough, but I humbly hope that I was not so disagreeable as might appear.

Another privilege of advancing years is the decreasing tyranny of convention. I used to desire to do the right thing, to know the right people, to play the right games. I did not reflect whether it was worth the sacrifice of personal interest; it was all-important to be in the swim. Very gradually I discovered that other people troubled their heads very little about what one did; that the right people were often the most tiresome and the most conventional, and that the only games which were worth playing were the games which one enjoyed. I used to undergo miseries in staying at uncongenial houses, in accepting shooting invitations when I could not shoot, in going to dances because the people whom I knew were going. Of course one has plenty of disagreeable duties to perform in any case; but I discov-

ered gradually that to adopt the principle of doing disagreeable things which were supposed to be amusing and agreeable was to misunderstand the whole situation. Now, if I am asked to stay at a tiresome house, I refuse; I decline invitations to garden parties and public dinners and dances, because I know that they will bore me; and as to games, I never play them if I can help, because I find that they do not entertain me. Of course there are occasions when one is wanted to fill a gap, and then it is the duty of a Christian and a gentleman to conform, and to do it with a good grace.

Again, I am not at the mercy of small prejudices, as I used to be. As a young man, if I disliked the cut of a person's whiskers or the fashion of his clothes, if I considered his manner to be abrupt or unpleasing, if I was not interested in his subjects, I set him down as an impossible person, and made no further attempt to form acquaintance. Now I know that these are superficial things, and that a kind heart and an interesting personality are not inconsistent with boots of a grotesque shape and even with mutton-chop whiskers. In fact, I think that small oddities and differences have grown to have a distinct value and form a pleasing variety. If a person's manner is unattractive, I often find that it is nothing more than a shyness or an awkwardness which disappears the moment that familiarity is established. My standard is, in fact, lower, and I am more tolerant. I am not, I confess, wholly tolerant, but my intolerance is reserved for qualities and not for externals. I still fly swiftly from long-winded, pompous, and contemptuous persons; but if their company is unavoidable, I have at least learnt to hold my tongue. The other day I was at a country-house where an old and extremely tiresome General laid down the law on the subject of the Mutiny, where he had fought as

a youthful subaltern. I was pretty sure that he was making the most grotesque misstatements, but I was not in a position to contradict them. Next the General was a courteous, weary old gentleman, who sate with his finger-tips pressed together, smiling and nodding at intervals. Half an hour later we were lighting our candles. The General strode fiercely up to bed, leaving a company of yawning and dispirited men behind. The old gentleman came up to me and, as he took a light, said with an inclination of his head in the direction of the parting figure, "The poor General is a good deal misinformed. I didn't choose to say anything, but I know something about the subject, because I was private secretary to the Secretary for War."

That was the right attitude, I thought, for the gentlemanly philosopher; and I have learnt from my old friend the lesson not to choose to say anything if a turbulent and pompous person lays down the law on subjects with which I happen to be acquainted.

Again, there is another gain that results from advancing years. I think it is true that there were sharper ecstasies in youth, keener perceptions, more passionate thrills, but then the mind also dipped more swiftly and helplessly into discouragement, dreariness, and despair. I do not think that life is so rapturous, but it certainly is vastly more interesting. When I was young there were an abundance of things about which I did not care. I was all for poetry and art; I found history tedious, science tiresome, politics insupportable. Now I may thankfully say it is wholly different. The time of youth was the opening to me of many doors of life. Sometimes a door opened upon a mysterious and wonderful place, an enchanted forest, a solemn avenue, a sleeping glade; often, too, it opened into some dusty work-a-

day place, full of busy forms bent over intolerable tasks, whizzing wheels, dark gleaming machinery, the din of the factory and the workshop. Sometimes, too, a door would open into a bare and melancholy place, a hillside strewn with stones, an interminable plain of sand; worst of all, a place would sometimes be revealed which was full of suffering, anguish, and hopeless woe, shadowed with fears and sins. From such prospects I turned with groans unutterable; but the air of the accursed place would hang about me for days. These surprises, these strange surmises crowded in fast upon me. How different the world was from what the careless forecast of boyhood had pictured it! How strange, how beautiful, and yet how terrible! As life went on the beauty increased, and a calmer, quieter beauty made itself revealed; in youth I looked for strange, impressive, haunted beauties, things that might deeply stir and move; but year by year a simpler, sweeter, healthier kind of beauty made itself felt; such beauty as lies on the bare, lightly washed, faintly tinted hillside of winter, all delicate greens and browns, so far removed from the rich summer luxuriance, and yet so austere, so pure. I grew to love different books too. In youth one demanded a generous glow, a fire of passion, a richly tinged current of emotion; but by degrees came the love of sober, subdued reflection, a cooler world in which, if one could not rest, one might at least travel equably and gladly, with a far wider range of experience, a larger, if a fainter, hope. I grew to demand less of the world, less of Nature, less of people; and behold, a whole range of subtler and gentler emotions came into sight, like the blue hills of the distance, pure and low. The whole movement of the world, past and present, became intelligible and dear. I saw the humanity that lies behind

political and constitutional questions, the strong, simple forces that move like a steady stream behind the froth and foam of personality. If in youth I believed that personality and influence could sway and mould the world, in later years I have come to see that the strongest and fiercest characters are only the river-wrack, the broken boughs, the torn grasses that whirl and spin in the tongue of the creeping flood, and that there is a dim resistless force behind them that marches on unheeding and drives them in the forefront of the inundation. Things that had seemed drearily theoretical, dry, axiomatic, platitudinal, showed themselves to be great generalizations from a torrent of human effort and mortal endeavor. And thus all the mass of detail and human relation that had been rudely set aside by the insolent prejudices of youth under the generic name of business, came slowly to have an intense and living significance. I cannot trace the process in detail; but I became aware of the fulness, the energy, the matchless interest of the world, and the vitality of a hundred thoughts that had seemed to me the dreariest abstractions.

Then, too, the greatest gain of all, there comes a sort of patience. In youth mistakes seemed irreparable, calamities intolerable, ambitions realizable, disappointments unbearable. An anxiety hung like a dark impenetrable cloud, a disappointment poisoned the springs of life. But now I have learned that mistakes can often be set right, that anxieties fade, that calamities have sometimes a compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often of itself a rich incentive to try again. One learns to look over troubles, instead of looking into them; one learns that hope is more unconquerable than grief. And so there flows into the gap the certainty that one can make more

of misadventures, of unpromising people, of painful experiences than one had ever hoped. It may not be, nay, it is not so eager, so full-blooded a spirit; but it is a serener, a more interesting, a happier outlook.

And so, like Robinson Crusoe on his island, striking a balance of my advantages and disadvantages, I am inclined to think that the good points predominate. Of course there still remains the intensely human instinct, which survives all the lectures of moralists, the desire to eat one's cake and also to have it. One wants to keep the gains of middle life and not to part with the glow of youth. "The tragedy of growing old," says a brilliant writer, "is the remaining young"; that is to say, that the spirit does not age as fast as the body. The sorrows of life lie in the imagination, in the power to recall the good days that have been and the old sprightly feelings; and in the power, too, to forecast the slow overshadowing and decay of age. But Lord Beaconsfield once said that the worst evil one has to endure is the anticipation of the calamities that do not happen; and I am sure that the thing to aim at is to live as far as possible in the day and for the day. I do not mean in an epicurean fashion, by taking prodigally all the pleasure that one can get, like a spendthrift of the happiness that is meant to last a lifetime, but in the spirit of Newman's hymn:

I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for
me.

Even now I find that I am gaining a certain power, instinctively, I suppose, in making the most of the day and hour. In old days, if I had a disagreeable engagement ahead of me, something to which I looked forward with anxiety or dislike, I used to find that it poisoned my cup. Now it is be-

ginning to be the other way; and I find myself with a heightened sense of pleasure in the quiet and peaceful days that have to intervene before the fateful morning dawns. I used to awake in the morning on the days that were still my own before the day which I dreaded, and begin, in that agitated mood which used to accompany the return of consciousness after sleep, when the mind is alert but unbalanced, to anticipate the thing I feared, and feel that I could not face it. Now I tend to awake and say to myself, "Well, at any rate I have still to-day in my own hands"; and then the very day itself has a heightened value from the feeling that the uncomfortable experience lies ahead. I suppose that is the secret of the placid enjoyment which the very old so often display. They seem so near the dark gate, and yet so entirely indifferent to the thought of it; so absorbed in little leisurely trifles, happy with a childlike happiness.

And thus I went slowly back to College in that gathering gloom that seldom fails to bring a certain peace to the mind. The porter sate, with his feet on the fender, in his comfortable den, reading a paper. The lights were beginning to appear in the court, and the firelight flickered briskly upon walls hung with all the pleasant signs of youthful life, the groups, the family photographs, the suspended oar, the cap of glory. So when I entered my book-lined rooms, and heard the kettle sing its comfortable song on the hearth, and reflected that I had a few letters to write, an interesting book to turn over, a pleasant Hall dinner to look forward to, and that, after a space of talk, an undergraduate or two were coming to talk over a leisurely piece of work, an essay or a translation, I was more than ever inclined to acquiesce in my disabilities, to purr like an elderly cat, and to feel that while I had the

priceless boon of leisure, set in a framework of small duties, there was much to be said for life, and that I was a poor creature if I could not be soberly content.

Of course I know that I have missed the nearer ties of life, the hearth, the home, the companionship of a wife, the joys and interests of growing girls and boys. But if a man is fatherly and kind-hearted, he will find plenty of young men who are responsive to a paternal interest, and intensely grateful for the good-humored care of one who will listen to their troubles, their difficulties, and their dreams. I have two or three young friends who tell me what they are doing, and what they hope to do; I have many correspondents

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who were friends of mine as boys, who tell me from time to time how it goes with them in the bigger world, and who like in return to hear something of my own doings.

And so I sit, while the clock on the mantelpiece ticks out the pleasant minutes, and the fire winks and crumbles on the hearth, till the old gyp comes tapping at the door to learn my intentions for the evening; and then, again, I pass out into the court, the lighted windows of the Hall gleam with the ancient armorial glass, from staircase after staircase come troops of alert gowned figures, while overhead, above all the pleasant stir and murmur of life, hang in the dark sky the unchanging stars.

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

CHAPTER I.

"So this is the dead city of Mulci in the Apennines," said Philip Granby when the vehicle (it were too flattering to call it a carriage), its two long-tailed black horses, and the driver with the cigar like a crooked tree-twigg had crawled up the topmost of the white zigzags from the plain. Battlemented walls and a crumbling brown gateway appeared before them.

"Time it was!" said Dr. Ogilvie. "I'm hungry."

"And so am I, old chap. Hungry to get at those old tombs and our friend the Cavaliere What's-his-name. If it costs ten thousand pounds, I'll have that collection of his, if it's to be bought. My life's a rickety one, and I'd like awfully to do one good thing before I pop off. 'The Philip Granby Bequest of Etruscan Remains.' You'll see that inscription in the British Museum some day, old chap, take my word for it."

Ogilvie seemed more interested in the

smells of the dark cobbled street than in his companion's words. But his hand went to Philip's even while he frowned at Mulci's gloom and rottenness, and muttered something about "the very home of typhus."

"That's the peak-top of my ambitions, old chap," said Philip emphatically.

And then they were tumbled against each other like peas in a bottle. The driver had suddenly taken it into his head to enliven Mulci. Standing up, he lashed his funereal steeds, called them the misbegotten offspring of an unfortunate mother, and condemned them to the flames and torments of purgatory and hell unless they galloped like fury.

Mulci was delighted. From its very parapets it proclaimed its pleasure. The fat padre who was being shaven in the falling light at the barber's door held up a finger of command that operations might be suspended upon his large blue chin while he surveyed these

"milords"; from the windows at all the five or six stories of the barrack-like buildings heads popped forth; and damsels gathering the dried clothes on the roofs paused to peer down from their giddy height at the exceedingly uncomfortable triumphal progress of Philip and Dr. Ogilvie up the Via Vittorio Emanuele to the "Alberga Nazionale."

It was vain to plead with that driver.

"It is finished, signori!" cried the man at length. He had brought up his horses with a jerk as painful as the gallop, jumped down, and now stood, hat in hand. He seemed proud of himself and his patrons.

"Tell him he's a maniac," said Philip angrily.

"Friend," said Ogilvie, the linguist of the pair, "here is your exact money and nothing more. It would have been a lira for yourself if you had not played the fool. *Buona notte!* Yes, and you may be rude till your tongue's tired; it's all you'll get," he looked round to add.

Dinner was soon served. For so out-of-the-way and dilapidated a town, it was a good dinner. The wine was rich and soft, the macaroni was excellent, and for once the chicken was tender.

There were no other guests. Maria Farnese Scavo, the landlord, devoted himself to them. He stood with his hands clasped respectfully across his stomach while they ate, and was very willing to tell them all he knew about the tombs they had come to visit. But his "all" was little.

"I concern myself with the living, be it understood, excellencies, not the dead. *Corpo santo*, yes! Nevertheless, it is a beautiful sight, they tell me, that ancient cemetery; and your excellencies cannot do better than enjoy the pleasure of the acquaintance of our learned townsman the Cavaliere Montarabo. I

myself shall introduce you in the morning."

"Many thanks," interrupted Ogilvie; "but we have letters for the gentleman. You shall not disturb yourself."

"*Ecco!* Of a truth? Your excellencies, then, will be *known* to the Cavaliere?" exclaimed the man, lifting his hands, spreading out his fingers, and holding them thus. He was double-chinned and red-faced, with large goggle eyes. These fastened upon Philip and the doctor, and especially the doctor, with a change of expression. It was almost as if they were suggesting something earnestly, yet with a certain doubt.

Philip mocked over his macaroni.

"Ask him if he is a relation to the tarantula or any other kind of a spider," he said.

And for the jest's sake Ogilvie did so. He mentioned a cousinship, gravely, spreading out his own fingers and using the word "tarantula."

The result was startling. Ogilvie was seized round the neck and kissed first on one cheek and then on the other. From Ogilvie the man pounced upon Philip and treated him in like manner. He seemed not to notice their objections. And then he sped on his toes to the door, opened it and peeped, returned, and drew up a chair.

"Is he mad?" Philip asked.

"No; only affectionate, I think. They get taken in this way now and then in the South. And yet— See here, he's going to be amusing."

This said, Ogilvie faced the landlord of the "Albergo Nazionale" with a smile of encouragement.

"I am at your orders, my brother," whispered the man, with his lips not a foot from Ogilvie's left ear. "I am prepared. It is true that I believed the revered directorate would arrange it with a compatriot; but the English are renowned for their cleverness and courage, and I bend myself to their

intelligent desires. And listen, signori. There is little time to lose. The egregious notary Saccho, of whom your celebrities may have heard, informed me but this very morning that the Cavaliere is in difficulties. Always one has one's weaknesses, the best and worst of us alike. Well then, the Cavaliere has gambled like a fool, and the past Thursday, it is reported, he mortgaged his collection for eighty thousand lire. From his housekeeper Anna—a talkative creature, my friends—from her I learn that he is like a person demented. They are so much to him, those pretty necklets and bracelets and chest-covers of gold which those curious gentlemen of so many thousand years ago have done us moderns the favor to bury with their bones. He loves them, signori, as men love their children. He does not eat his meat since Thursday, but goes about his house muttering and shaking his hands and kissing and fondling his pots and jugs and certain of the articles of gold which it is *our* duty, my friends, in obedience to our oath, to take from him. Well, gentlemen, this being the condition of mind of my unfortunate fellow-townsmen, it smooths the way a little for us. There is only the servant Anna to consider; and she being betrothed to Giacomo Andrani, who had the honor of driving your dignities from the station, it is happily in my power to influence the girl's mind through Andrani, who is in my service. There, gentlemen!"

The man rose, very rubicund from his exertions and eloquence. He bowed from the waist upwards, and again spread out his fingers, this time, however, in the more conventional manner of a courteous host who has just placed himself, his house, and all that he has at the disposal of a friend.

"And now I shall command the cutlets, and, with permission, leave you to yourselves. Doubtless you have much to arrange. If it is the will of

their greatneses the directorate of our sacred brotherhood that the details of the plan be confided to me, I shall thank them for the condescension. If not, I am still the same their most obedient and devoted servant, and yours also, my friends and brothers."

Ogilvie received this astonishing speech like the experienced man he was. At first, to be sure, he couldn't refrain from looking bewildered. But this only had the effect of increasing the speaker's fervor of tone. And thenceforward, to the end, Ogilvie listened with an unmoved countenance.

"You permit, signori—the cutlets?" murmured the man.

"Certainly, the cutlets," said Ogilvie; and with another bow, reverent as that of a good priest at the altar, the landlord of the "Albergo Nazionale" strutted to the door.

"What in the world is all that about?" asked Philip.

"I—don't know quite. I must think it over. He has gone to see about the next course. That's all I can tell you for a fact. But, Philip, let me grasp it all quietly for a spell. Smoke a cigarette. It is very interesting, whatever it is."

"Is it? Well, it's something to be you, for if the fellow had kept it up much longer I should have hit him on the head with one of his own wine-flasks. He has a voice like a gramophone with a cold, and——"

"Don't. I want to get it all back," said Ogilvie seriously.

Philip lit a cigarette, and Ogilvie mused. They were thus occupied when the smiling waiter glided in with the cutlets and the words, "I come, excellencies. Behold! It is the best of veal, fed on the pastures in the wet lands beneath the ancient tombs of Mulci!"

"Well?" said Philip when they had begun upon the cutlets.

But Ogilvie shook his head.

"I'm not clear about it yet," he said.

"No, I don't feel justified in taking away anybody's character except upon the clearest evidence. It is conceivable that our Boniface here is an idiot"—

"Quite conceivable."

"Also, that he was drunk, though he didn't seem so. And, in any case, it's such nonsense that I feel almost convinced, if he is neither an idiot nor drunk, that he is accustomed to write penny novelettes for Italy's general public. Besides, I can't remember it all. Let's forget it, and go and leave our cards with the Cavaliere as soon as we're through."

"That," said Philip, "will suit me to the very pavement. Won't you tell me any more?"

"I'd rather not, really. It's such an effort of memory, and it wouldn't hang together, Philip. You'd laugh too much, and so soon after a hearty meal—"

"Oh," said Philip, "don't distress yourself on my account. I'm not so very eager."

"And I," said Ogilvie, "am delighted to hear it. There's only one thing I ought to tell you. He said the Cavaliere has been losing money at play and pawning some of his Etruscan stuff. It gives you a chance, if so."

This was more than enough for Philip. It made him impatient to end the meal. They postponed coffee and cognac until they had seen the Cavaliere.

As Ogilvie somehow expected, the landlord of the inn was waiting for them below. He was not surprised when he heard of their determination to call on the Cavaliere at once. Drawing Ogilvie aside, he whispered his approval of the plan.

"It makes things easy, signore," he said, "that you carry letters for the gentleman. You do not need me, and that also has its advantages, you understand, for a man with five small

children and a wife who, though virtuous, is not always good-tempered. We are as God makes us. Inquire, I beg of you, for Casa Montarabo, at the end of the street, and the most ignorant of Mulci's inhabitants will direct you. It is a large stone house, with the Cavaliere's shield above the porch, also in stone. And, if you will excuse the request, do not name me to the Cavaliere. It would be a kindness, signore, to approach him as mere strangers who have been complimented with the privilege of an introduction to him. I speak wisdom, and—"

"I say," interposed Philip, "do get him to continue it in our next, as the saying is."

"I don't think I understand," said Ogilvie, with a countenance which told nothing either to the landlord or Philip in the dim light of the single old-fashioned lamp which illumined the hotel corridor—"My friend has to be careful about the night-air, padrone. We will depart. Therefore, until we meet again."

"Until then, signore, and very many thanks."

The man whispered his thanks.

In the street Ogilvie made but one comment on the new communication.

"I wish, Philip," he said, "I knew if that fellow has all his senses. It's either that or—"

"Oh, he hasn't. *I'll* answer for it. And it's a deal better walking in the middle of the street. That lazy housewife upstairs to the right just emptied her slops out of the window—the fifth floor window. Pigs!"

As the landlord had said, Casa Montarabo was easily found. It was a fortress of a house, with prison bars to its ground-floor windows, and an imposing escutcheon above the portal; also a small shrine to the Virgin, with a very small oil-lamp burning in a chain-sling before it. Philip mentioned the shrine as if it were an agreeable sight. He

thought it proved the Cavaliere a good Christian, perhaps even a simple Christian, who might be averse to bargaining strenuously in either thousands or hundreds of lire.

But Ogilvie was not so sure.

"I wouldn't be sanguine if I were you," he said. "I'm inclined to think they are queer old crusted characters in this moth-eaten town. Probably they even retain a few of their medieval vices as well as their merely picturesque eccentricities."

And then the door opened of its own accord, as it seemed, and a shrill feminine voice from a distance demanded their needs.

It was the Anna of recent history. When she came nearer Ogilvie gave her the letter, and said that they would not, at so late an hour, trespass on her master unless he wished it. They would feel grateful for an appointment in the morning if the Cavaliere would so far oblige them.

They were left standing below while the maid carried the letter and Ogilvie's message upstairs. Not for long, however. The girl returned, and very affably invited them to follow her.

"Is the Cavaliere," Ogilvie asked her quietly, mindful of the landlord's rigmarole, "in the best of health, perchance?"

"*Dio Mio!* no," was the quick reply. "My poor master! my poor master! Ah! but they are robbers in the great cities, signorino. But silence! I must not talk. It is not my business."

She lowered her voice and stopped her tongue only just in time. The Cavaliere was above and before them. He held a silver tripod lamp by its looped crest. It lit his face very strongly, and an interesting, lean, hairless, elongated, and time-and-grief-worn face it was, yet with enthusiasm of several kinds, glowing in the dark eyes which saved it from being repulsive and worse.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said the Cavaliere, with a smile like a grimace.

He shook them by the hand, and begged them to enter his studio, as he called it.

He was oddly garbed in a short, dull-yellow, velvet dressing-jacket over a faded scarlet waist-coat, with black pantaloons; and no sooner were Ogilvie and Phillip in the studio than they perceived that its wall-decorations were also a curious yet harmonious blend of the same three colors; yellow, scarlet, and black, though with faint secondary lines of purple and gray. The furniture of the room was likewise unusual. There were books only in an alcove. On all the other sides were sarcophagi with surprisingly bold and well-preserved reliefs, some in marble and tufa, and some in terra-cotta; statues and busts and masks, also in stone and terra-cotta, were between the coffins. There were further glass cases containing vases and *tazze* and much small ware such as scarabs, proclaiming the Cavaliere's complete devotion to his love for the Etruscans.

"How splendid!" exclaimed Phillip, in praise of the atmosphere.

The Cavaliere sympathized, though, like the hotel landlord, he was no English scholar, and begged him to look about him.

"Do tell him what I want, Ogilvie," said Phillip, with a smile of thanks for their host.

Ogilvie and the Cavaliere engaged in conversation. Ogilvie did by much the most of the talking—the other seemed to urge him on by mere monosyllabic questions. But it was only afterwards that Phillip learnt the magnificent result of his friend's powers of language.

"Come, Phillip," said Ogilvie; "the Cavaliere keeps early hours. All these things will do just as well to-morrow. He'll show us everything in the morn-

ing. The best of his gold and precious stuff are in one of his tombs in the cemetery. It's his secret safe, and no one but himself knows about it. And I think you may become a purchaser. That's what he wishes me to say to you."

"Oh, thanks so much!" cried Philip. He offered his hand to the Cavaliere, who had watched his face very intently, and nodded, at random perhaps, while Ogilvie spoke; and he wrung the Cavaliere's claw-tipped fingers like the ingenuous young man he was.

"I wouldn't do too much of that, though," suggested Ogilvie. "He—I may, I suppose, mention it in his presence—wants six thousand sterling rather badly, and you can buy the whole bag of tricks for that."

"Tell him it's in my pocket ready," said Philip, still holding on to the claw-like hand, as if he feared a rival purchaser would step in and outbid him on the spot.

But instead of that Ogilvie began to make his adieux for the night. The Cavaliere saw them down the stairs, again with that lovely silver lamp, the chiselling of which Philip much admired. * He was very gracious with them right to the door.

"Well, I do call that luck," exclaimed Philip when they were outside.

He expatiated about this luck. Ogilvie barely spoke.

"I believe you're jealous, old chap," said Philip when they were near the

hotel. "Tell us about him. What makes him *want* to sell the jolly old things?"

"I didn't ask him," said Ogilvie.

"Yes; but you don't think he'll go back on his word, use me as a sort of market-price table, and telegraph or anything to some one else?"

"No, I don't. In fact, he—I tell you what, Philip, he's almost too keen to let you have them. The moment he knew you carried letters of credit for such a sum his eyes said "Done!" to it before his tongue. I don't know; but he looks as if he could trade in shams, if you ask me."

That made Philip indignant. Why, every one who knew anything about Etruscan things had the history of the Mulci finds at his finger-ends. They had been exhibited in Rome, Berlin had begged for them earnestly, and—and—in short, the luck was reserved just for him in visiting Mulci in the very nick of the moment when the Cavaliere happened to be hard up for some ready thousands.

"You'd make a convict blush with your insinuations," he said in final reproof.

"All right," said Ogilvie; "and now we will have our coffee and a cigar, and go to bed. And I don't want any more of our landlord's tongue."

His wish was granted. They saw no more of the "Albergo Nazionale's" proprietor that night.

C. Eduardes.

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

It is no exaggeration to say that this is, in the sphere of religion, the question of the hour. Various causes, speculative and practical, have conspired to make it the problem in a peculiar sense of our generation. The

apologist finds his science discredited, for he is uncertain what elements in the complex structure of historical Christianity he is really concerned to defend as vital, and what to abandon as accidental; the student of compara-

tive religion seeking to fix the place of our faith in relation to other forms of the religious spirit is compelled to go behind institutions and dogma to their inner essence, to that which gives them significance and value; the missionary, aware that our present ecclesiastical systems grew up ages before the emergence of the more philosophical idea of religion as a property of man as man, something bound up with the very texture of human nature, is anxious to set free the central realities of the Christian religion from the traditional vehicle, that they may enter into and possess the thought-forms of the Oriental mind; the preacher at home, in a questioning and critical age, amid the tottering thrones of tradition, turns from a pseudo-orthodoxy, with its blindness to the true perspective of values, to search for the things that cannot be shaken, and learn "the simplicity that is in Christ." And yet the problem is among the most difficult and delicate the thinker can be called upon to face. For Christianity stands first among religions in many-sidedness, elasticity, capacity to assume different forms, to pass through the most diverse vicissitudes and undergo the greatest transformations. As Professor Carpenter remarks, "It is very early carried forth into the world of Hellenic ideas and Roman law. It becomes heir to an empire. It establishes itself on the civilization of a vast secular order; and, when that decays, it receives new vigor through alliance with Teutonic peoples. Architecture and art become its hand-maidens. Poetry and music exalt it. . . . It is quickened afresh by contact with the Greek mind, as Aristotle is brought within the precincts of the Church. It is planted beyond the sea by the great missions, and gradually extends its arms all round the globe. The corruption of its hierarchy is arrested by the shock of the Reformation; a new outlook is gained

over fresh fields of thought; new types of life can still arise. . . . The noblest European literatures are permeated with it; philosophies delight to bring themselves into accord with its teachings; it endeavors to assimilate the last great product of the human spirit—modern science."¹ Greek philosophy, Roman imperialism. Teutonic individualism—such have been the leading, though by no means the only, forces that have helped to shape the Christianity we know to-day. As we think of the manifold forms it has assumed—Catholicism, Roman and Greek, with their subordinate types, Protestantism, Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinistic, Unitarian, to mention only a few—we are tempted to give up in despair the possibility of ever reaching the fundamental unity, the ultimate reality out of which such differences have sprung. And yet, if in the spiritual world things are as Christianity says they are, if it is the medium of reality and not the mere echo of man's hopes and fears; in other words, if in it God has disclosed His purpose and the spiritual order of the world, then we are justified in distinguishing between the Divine revelation as permanent, and the many interpretations of that revelation as in their nature transitory and temporary. Great as are the systems to which Christianity has given birth, Christianity itself is still greater.

Time was, indeed, when to think that Christianity was not adequately expressed in the traditional creeds was taken to be a mark of a profane and anti-Christian spirit. Catholic and Protestant, however much opposed elsewhere, agreed in the notion as axiomatic that man needed an infallible authority, whether incarnated in an institution or a book, and that one or other constituted the essence of the Christian religion. In Protestant circles, at least,

¹ "Christianity and the Religions of the World," pps. 99, 100.

this conception no longer obtains. Ever since Schleiermacher at the dawn of the nineteenth century addressed his famous "Discourses on Religion" "to the cultivated among its despisers," religious thinkers have been familiar with the distinction between the essence of a religion and its historical embodiments and have applied it to the religion of Christ with varying degrees of success.

Matthew Arnold finds essential Christianity in the "method" of Jesus, which was one of "inwardness," combined with His secret of self-renouncement, working in and through the element of mildness and producing the impression of "sweet reasonableness"—all else is *Aberglaube*;² Renan identifies it with the higher spirit of Judaism—"with its fertile principles of almsgiving and charity, its absolute faith in the future of humanity, and that joy of heart of which Judaism has always held the secret"—denuded only of the peculiar observances of the Jewish religion.³ Tolstoi sees in the Sermon on the Mount, as summed up in the saying, "Resist not evil," the heart of Christ's message and a principle in radical opposition to the bases of modern civilization.⁴ Martineau exalts the teaching of Jesus, when sifted by modern criticism, as the loftiest ethical programme for humanity, which independently of the authority of Christ commands the conscience and the will.⁵

Now diverse as are these points of view, they start from the same assumption, the familiar antithesis of the modern pulpit between "the Christianity of Christ" and "the Christianity of the Churches"—the first being the religion Jesus lived and taught, the second being the one which his followers built on the apotheosis of His Person. But this contrast between the "Christianity of Christ" and the Christianity

of the historic Christian Society, while superficially plausible, turns out, on close inspection, to involve very serious difficulties of its own. For, assuming for the moment its truth, we may well ask: How does it come about that the splendid triumphs of Christendom in the moral and spiritual transformation of humanity have been effected not through the realities of faith, the genuine report which Christ gives of the spiritual world, but through the fantastic ideas of the Church which modern insight has resolved into moonshine? In other words, why is it that it is not so much the sweet Galilean vision as the glorified and deified Son of God that has entered so powerfully into the hearts of men? And what kind of a world is it where phantasy can achieve so much and reality effect so little? But in truth, the antithesis is unreal and artificial. For the moment we seek to penetrate the sacred mystery of Christ's personal religion, "which broke on his soul with open vision of the 'Father,'" we are conscious of elements that separate His experience from ours. No feeling of guilt, no cry for forgiveness mars the perfect unity of His will with the Father's. At every moment He feels Himself at one with the Infinite. In His presence, as the Gospels reveal it, we are aware of a new spiritual quality, a unique self-consciousness. And it is this fact that historical Christianity, adequately or inadequately, has sought to interpret and to preserve.

It is obvious that the question could not be allowed to rest here. Some more satisfying answer was a necessity. This quest has been undertaken by two powerful schools of thought, the one philosophical and idealistic, the other historical and realistic, the one tracing descent from Hegel, the other receiving its impulse from Kant. The

² "Literature and Dogma," chap. vii.

³ "Hibbert Lectures," p. 17.

⁴ "On Religion."

⁵ "Seat of Authority in Religion."

neo-Hegelian or Speculative explanation of Christianity may be read in the brilliant pages of the Master of Balliol and Professor Pfleiderer, to mention only its two greatest living expounders. Christianity in their view is to be understood only in the light of a motive power at work in the human mind, and which underlies all religions as their principle. This principle is implied in the lowest as in the highest religions, in "the sorcery and ghost-seeing of the savage" as in the noblest form of Christianity. It is the presence of these three ideas, self, not-self, and God, and the way in which one or other is emphasized, that gives the scheme or frame in which all religions may be set. The not-self is predominant in objective or sensuous religions, as, for example, that of Greece, the self in subjective or rational religions, such as Buddhism and Hebraism, and the unity of self and not-self, or the idea of God, in Christianity as the absolute or spiritual religion. Jesus was the temporary organ through whom the immanent principle comes to expression. He is the highest illustration of the central principle of Christianity—self-realization through sacrifice. "Die to live"—this ethical maxim is the core of Christ's message and mission—all else is mythical or legendary dress.⁶ Christ is only the organ of a spirit or principle which cannot be expressed fully in an individual life, even the highest. The Ideal Christ, "the Christ that is and the Christ that is to be," is of primary importance for faith and hope, and for this idealizing process the Christ that has been serves as a starting point. What then becomes of the various doctrines of the Christian creed? They are by no means to be rejected, but viewing them as historically justifiable, the "husk" which preserved the precious "kernel," they may

still be retained as valuable symbols of moral and religious truths. The doctrine of the Fall and Atonement may be sympathetically regarded as pictorial representations of the two opposed moral forces that run through all history, selfishness which is the essence of evil, and self-abnegation which is the spring of all good; the Incarnation is the symbol of that universal manifestation of the Divine in the hearts of men, that kinship of God and man which is the fundamental fact of existence; the Resurrection is simply the projection into the outer world of events by the sensuous imagination of the great spiritual law that "he that loseth his life shall save it."⁷ And so on with the rest of the Christian *creenda*. To sum up: the ideal principle is conceived as so ruling the historical that Christianity ever tends to be superseded by the moral ideas which it has itself called forth, and which will penetrate society as a whole with their regenerative power, and thus, through a process of ethical culture, effect the spiritualization of humanity.

This explanation of Christianity is valuable for its grasp of the ideal significance of the evangelical history; its weakness lies in its failure to appreciate the history itself. The Gospel is weighed in the scales of a philosophical theory. The philosophic scheme is first in order of importance, Christianity is second, with the result that the Person of the Founder recedes more and more into the background, and the Idea of which He was the transient vehicle is more and more emphasized. Hence it is not too much to say that along this line our quest is hopeless. For the integrity of the historical reality is constantly being sacrificed to the necessities of the speculative theory. The force of the Christian appeal to the human soul has not lain in the belief that

⁶ Caird's "Evolution of Religion," vol. I, pps. 36-83; vol. II. 142-171.

⁷ Pfleiderer's "Hibbert Lectures," pps. 236, 237.

Jesus was a greater Socrates who first exemplified the relation in which all men stand to God and laid down His life in defence of His teaching, but in the fact that at the heart of Christianity lives a peculiar and unique Person through whom men experience salvation and win blessedness. Rob faith of the spiritual presence which Christ alone reveals, reduce Him to the level of the first among equals in whom God has revealed Himself with varying degrees of fulness, and we break with the historic records, deny the most certain deposition of the Christian consciousness, and miss the vital secret of the Christian religion. For the glory and strength of Christianity is in this, that in the Person of its Founder the ideal and the historical realization are one. The radical vice of this great speculative endeavor is in making Christ a means to an end, not an end in Himself. His standing in history is purely accidental and episodic; His Gospel is independent of Himself and could conceivably have had another organ for its revelation. But if the voice of experience and history has a right to be heard, we must maintain that Christ's relation to His Gospel is not accidental but essential, not contingent but necessary. As He has been its Creator so is He still its Providence. Just as our world, divorced for a moment from the all-embracing energies of the Immanent God, would fall into chaos and oblivion, so we may well believe, would Christianity, apart from Jesus Christ as the source of holy inspiration, perish from the hearts and consciences of men. This is a matter on which history gives no uncertain sound. Whenever men have entertained mean and contracted views of His Person, the pulse of spiritual life has beat but feebly, "the enthusiasm of humanity" has lost its fine glow, and the spirit of self-sacrifice which in other and fresher times could throw

contempt on death has shrunk in cowardice before its spiritual task, through very lack of its Divine and invisible nutriment.

The Ritschlian school, which is exercising such powerful influence in British and still more in American theological circles, confronts our question for the most part in a purely historical way, and uses historical methods of enquiry. Two notable products of this school, Dr. Harnack's "What is Christianity?" and Auguste Sabatier's "Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit," have made English readers familiar with the point of view which claims to reconcile the demands of science and of the religious spirit. Though their mode of presentation differs, their conclusions and contentions are identical. While Dr. Harnack starts with a description of the essential elements in Christianity, as portrayed in the Gospels, and then follows their sad fortunes from the Apostolic age down to the Reformation, M. Sabatier opens with a critique of the Catholic and Protestant traditions, shows how they have broken down under the stress of criticism, and then expounds Christianity as modern thought conceives it, under the guidance of the teaching of Christ. Essential Christianity is to be found not in the Pauline system, much less in the later sacerdotal and hierarchical institutes of Catholicism, but in Jesus Christ and His Gospel. The Christian principle appears in its simple and naked essence in the soul of Jesus as feeling, intuition, inspiration: the Gospel is the popular description or expansion of this inner piety. Its fundamental feature cannot be mistaken. "The whole of Jesus' message," says Dr. Harnack, "may be reduced to these two heads—God as the Father and the human soul so ennobled that it can and does unite with Him."²

² "What is Christianity," p. 63.

"The God who is in Heaven," says M. Sabatier, "revealed Himself in the heart of Jesus as His Father; Jesus felt Himself to be living in God as His Son. And we find in almost every word He uttered the proof that He proposed to create the same filial relation between His disciples and God, that this should be the distinctive mark and essential content of that piety with which He bent every effort to inspire them."* Here, then, is the Ritschlian answer to our question. The Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of man—these two thoughts exhaust the vital significance of the Christian religion. What of Christian doctrine as embodied in the creeds? It is as Matthew Arnold would say "Pseudo-science," and illusion born of bad metaphysics, having nothing to do with religion, and in its very evolution writing its own condemnation. Its history has been a pathological process, a sign of disease rather than of health, and to-day it is spiritually and intellectually bankrupt, and unable to claim the adherence of cultivated men. And it is so because religion is not concerned with knowledge or belief but with feeling, with life. Christ brings to man the vital impulse, the message of eternal life, but all attempts to understand this experience, to verify it as real and belonging to a real world, and to find in it an explanation of ourselves and the whole of which we form a part, have been and are doomed to failure, and must be renounced as futile and mischievous. It is ours to accept the good which Christianity offers and resign ourselves to ignorance of its ultimate and objective foundations, lest we should

Strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

Mr. F. H. Bradley has wittily said that "metaphysic is the finding of bad

* "Religions of Authority," p. 297.

reasons for what we believe upon instinct." The instinct of the Ritschlian school is sound: it craves for a Christianity that shall shine in its own light, move in the world unencumbered with the disputations and contentions and harassing debates of the intellect, and reveal itself as a supra-mundane blessing which no criticism can touch and no progress in culture can wither. But its metaphysic is bad, implying, as it does, a fundamental divorce between life and philosophy, feeling and understanding, faith and reason—dualisms which were once respected, but which the modern spirit will have none of. Man is a spiritual unity. How strange, then, if it should turn out that Christianity arrays him against himself, and while haunting the shrine of the conscience and the heart, refuses to consecrate the courts of reason! Rather must we believe that God is implicated in the whole of man's spiritual life, illumining the intellect as it sounds on

Through words and things, a dim and
perilous way,

as well as feeding the fires of spiritual emotion and resolve. The mighty truths that have lifted man to ever new horizons have dawned on him through the impact of the Infinite Reality on his spirit; and to divorce his reason from that Reality is to surrender to a subtle and dangerous Deism. The assumption which underlies the Ritschlian argument that every element of later or even foreign growth assimilated by Christianity is *ipso facto* alien to its spirit, and therefore to be judged excommunicate off-hand, is one which in the interests of Christianity must be challenged. It is, indeed, the business of the analytic historian to disengage such elements, to ask how they arose, and to trace them to their original home; but it is the task of the constructive thinker to

estimate their value and their capacity for entering into vital relations with the Christian faith. That faith has been a redeeming, consecrating, and assimilating power in history. And why should it not be so? Was there not, as the early Greek apologists maintained, "a Christianity before Christ?" And if there was, why should it not be recognized and its achievements utilized in the great historic movement of Christian thought? To say that the traditional creed of Christendom is bankrupt and hopelessly discredited, is to be guilty of grave misrepresentation. That there are some things in it which thoughtful men can no longer accept, and other things which require re-statement in the light of modern knowledge, may be frankly admitted, but on the other hand, its great articles—such as the Creatorhood of God, the unique Lordship and Sonship of Christ, the value of His life and death as a means of reconciliation between the Heavenly Father and His estranged children, the reality of Christ's victory over death, and the assurance of immortality—are still cherished by millions of Christians, learned and unlearned alike. And the vast majority of those who reject these items of belief make short work of the attenuated Gospel of the latest and most fashionable phase of advanced Protestantism. It is true, indeed, that in the reaction against the controversies of the schools and the artificialities of a Latinized Christianity, there is an attractiveness in the simple yet consoling doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood. "Here," we are told, "is pure and primitive Christianity—all else is husk and discoloration."

And a certain intellectual relief may appear to result from throwing overboard as so much useless theological lumber the ideas organized by this Christian thought and experience of the past. Yet a little reflection would seem

to show that the relief is more a seeming than a reality. You say, "God is Father" but I live in a world which at moments I am tempted to deem both blind and brutal, and where this faith is sore bestead as it tries to hold up against the inexorable necessities of the natural order. Everywhere around me I see overwhelming evidences of God's *physical* power, but alas! as Mr. Balfour reminds us, "the evidences of His *moral* interest have to be anxiously extracted, grain by grain, through the speculative analysis of our moral nature."¹⁰ How then am I to be assured of the reality of the Divine Fatherhood, of its being anything more than a fiction of the poetic imagination? Prior to Christ's appearance the thought was in the world: Indian sage, Greek poet, and Jewish prophet knew it; yet its history was one of impotence and sterility. It was Christ that transformed it into an immutable certainty, and made it man's inalienable possession. The great mass of Christians in all ages have believed that Christ was able to do this because His being was rooted in God, His nature so related to God that He could say: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." Since that great word was spoken God has been interpreted, however poorly, in terms of Christ: in the light of God's best, men have been enabled to face the world's worst. Only as Christ's Sonship is conceived as absolute and final can any adequate ground be discovered for such a splendid faith—the root of all our optimisms—as the universal sonship of humanity.

Here, then, we seem to have touched the essential purport of the Christian religion. We speak of Christ as the Founder of Christianity; it were more correct to say that He is its Foundation. "How strange," says Rothe, "that Christ should be considered the Founder of a religion!"¹¹ Strange, in-

¹⁰ "Foundations of Belief," p. 357.

¹¹ "Still Hours," p. 211.

deed, when it is recalled that the very things which appear in all ethnic religions, a mode of worship and a prescribed belief, are absent from His teaching. That teaching, then, cannot constitute the sum and substance of Christianity, first because it leaves large tracts of life untouched; and, secondly, because the Teacher is greater than His words. We must not take a part for the whole. Not only His words, but His deeds; not only His life, but His death; not only His death, but His victory over death; in a word His entire personality, with all that it was as well as all that it expressed, give the essential content of His faith. He knows Himself to be the Messiah, God's final Messenger, because God's Son, after whom none greater can arise. This self-characterization belongs to the oldest tradition.¹² He alone is able to comprehend the Father and His purposes, and the Father alone comprehends the fulness of the Son's inner life, and because of this perfect reciprocity of Him and God, He is able to mediate the knowledge of God to men.¹³ Christianity takes its origin in this mystery of Christ's filial consciousness. The paradox which His life presents, "the co-existence of a self-consciousness that is more than human with the deepest humility before God," is understood in the light of the contrast between man's sonship and His. Man's sonship is imperfect, inadequate, dependent; His is perfect, ideal, archetypal. The latter is that the former may be. Christ, just because He is God's Son in perfection, is able to awaken sonship in man. Apostolic thought and life are simply an endeavor to grasp and realize the riches of this revelation. St. Paul, with splendid insight, seizes on the thought of Christ's Divine Sonship as the central and constitutive principle of Christian-

ity, and makes it the basis on which he builds his theological system. The God in whom he believed was a God who sent forth His Son that He might bring man into the blessedness and glory of the filial spirit.¹⁴ His theology might indeed be described as a doctrine of God, construed in terms of the ideal and absolute Sonship of Christ. The Epistle to the Hebrews is a hymn in honor of the Christ who as God's Son makes an end of the old order with its angelic mediators, sensuous sacrifices, legal institutions, venerable symbolisms, and inaugurates the new era in which humanity enters into its spiritual heritage—access to and filial fellowship with the Father. The author of the Fourth Gospel, who, if not St. John, was at least one of his disciples, interprets the creative providential and redeeming action of God through Christ, who is not only the Logos but the Son. His motive in writing his book was that men might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.¹⁵ The New Testament is permeated and dominated by the thought of Christ's supremacy. His spell was so laid on its authors as to fill them with one all-absorbing passion, one unrelenting pursuit of an ideal that ever flew as they approached, the exhaustless grace and truth of the Infinite. And the Apostolic age is typical of all the Christian centuries. The men in whom the fire of Christian passion burned most brightly, the nobler spirits of the race, types of humanity at its best, such as an Augustine, an à Kempis, a Melancthon, a Xavier, a Wesley, a Chalmers, a Newman, have set before them as the goal of their ambitions, "the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." But that never satisfied ambition meant that Christ transcended their utmost aspiration and achievement. Under whatever forms they

¹² Mark xii. 1-6.

¹³ Matth. xi. 27.

¹⁴ Rom. viii. 3. Gal. iv. 4, 5.

¹⁵ John xx. 31.

may have interpreted their faith, there was for them but one source of truth, the supreme manifestation of God in the Son of His love. We may well ask with Frederick Denison Maurice "whether for eighteen centuries we have been propagating a mockery when we have said that there is a Son of God, who is the Truth and can make us free?"

The Incarnation, the advent of God in the mind of Christ, the presence of the Absolute so far as the Absolute can enter into finite conditions, is the article with which Christianity stands or falls. Each age must relate this fact as it can to its ruling ideas, and interpretations which satisfy one generation become obsolete in the next; at times, as in our own age, it may be ignored or resisted on some *à priori* ground, such as the impossibility of miracle, yet the fact itself has so entered into the religious life that under various disguises, now philosophical, now poetical, it gives the light, in which the universe takes on a new glory, and man appears the crowned heir of deathless hopes.

Christianity, then, centres in a Per-

son. Through Him we gain certainty as to the nature of God, and the assurance that in some way good must be the final goal of ill. The heart of things is not cold and dead, but throbs with an infinite pity; man is not the helpless victim of nature's blind fatalisms, but the child of the Infinite, who knows he was not made to die, whose highest good is not at the mercy of time, but lies hidden in the hand of the Eternal. Christ is, as it were, an epitome of the world-programme, and the long reaches of history have as their end the realization of the ideal incarnated in His person. He creates a new ethical spirit, founds a fellowship of souls, a kingdom of God in which the highest energies of the human spirit are organized in harmony with the Divine purpose. And He is and does all this because His Person comes out of the basal realities of the universe and is a revelation of ultimate spiritual fact. Other religions are greater than their founders: Christ transcends all the historical forms of His faith. This is the explanation of His past as it is the sure guarantee of His future triumphs.

Samuel McComb.

The Contemporary Review.

SPORT IN THE HINDOO KOOSH.

It is only in a few of the remotest recesses of the rugged Hindoo Koosh that the old sport of driving with hounds still lingers, and this mostly in glens where the feet of few white men have trod. In other places the arrival of the Englishman has been followed by game-laws, the necessary concomitant of modern rifles. These all condemn driving, and rightly, for the man with the weapons of to-day stands in no need of four-footed assistance to make things easy for him. It is otherwise with the indigenous sportsman armed with his old matchlock of

prehistoric design. With the crude weapons carried by Chitraili or Washigam *shikaris*, not all the hunter's craft at their disposal, nor the ownership of the best breeds of hounds, would enable them to exterminate game.

The theory of the sport is based upon the fact that markhor and ibex, when escaping from their natural foes, leopards and wolves, fly to precipices where no other animal, be it cat or dog, can venture; and when followed by the hunter's hounds, they pursue exactly the same tactics. Arrived at their supposed refuge, they are so in-

tent on staring at the baying hounds, that they pay little attention to their deadlier two-footed foes, who can approach close enough to use their antiquated pieces with effect. It is said that whole herds are sometimes wiped out in this way; but this must be very rare, or one would not find all grounds new to the European sportsman as full of game as they usually are.

The sport is conducted in two ways. There is the royal drive, as managed for the benefit of the petty kings of the Hindoo Koosh, in which a large number of beaters with dogs drive the game up to posted guns, much as chamois are driven in Austria. And there is the humbler but more sporting way followed by the professional hunter, with his leash of hounds, frequently entailing toil which few but born mountaineers could endure. One's sympathies, however, are with the princes and mighty ones of the earth in this matter; for here, as in other places, they are rarely allowed the pleasure of doing their own hunting. Poor kings who miss the real enjoyment of sport, though themselves ignorant of their loss, one cannot but feel sorry for them!

Let me first try to describe a royal drive as arranged for the Mehtar of Chitral, the premier chieftain of the Hindoo Koosh.

Early one winter morning I found myself following a Chitrali guide up a gorge, where the sheer sides of rock in places almost met above us. Every few hundred yards the torrent impinged against one rock wall or the other, necessitating a crossing by means of a pine pole flung across the foaming water. The night's frost had glazed such of these as were touched by the spray, with a film of ice, which had to be dusted with sand before even my light-footed guide could trust himself on them. But for these, and occasional anxious moments at points

where a crossing of the stream had been deemed unnecessary in local opinion and we had to creep gingerly round difficult rock corners where the water below roared a most uninviting summons, the track was monotonous enough, as one could see but a short way in front owing to the turns of the gorge.

The king, whose shooting-box lay some way up the valley, had gone up the previous evening, by a zigzag path over the mountain, along which (on a Chitrali pony) it was possible to ride.

The valley, which, like most others in this part of the Himalayas, was a gorge for a few miles above its embouchure into the main Chitral glen, presently opened out and the shooting-box came in sight, a little wooden structure built on a plateau overhanging the stream and surrounded by pines and junipers. A crowd of retainers were lounging about outside, a picturesque crew of good-looking ruffians, carrying all manner of arms, from matchlock to Manlicher, and like all Chitrali crowds full of jokes and laughter. The *shikaris* and beaters had all been out since long before daylight. It was now about nine o'clock and so far no news had come. The Mehtar came out to meet me, a pale young man rather below middle height, with a quiet dignified manner, the difficulties of whose position it is unnecessary to dilate on here. Having not yet breakfasted he asked me to join him, an invitation I found no difficulty in accepting, as the keen morning air had long since made my early breakfast a mere remembrance. It fortunately proved to be not the Oriental repast of ceremony, with its interminable courses, but a comparatively light meal, consisting of but four enormous dishes or rather trays of *pillaus* and such like, from which the king and I ate direct without the unnecessary formality of separate plates. He ate

delicately with his fingers, as the Easterns say "with discretion," while I had the use of the only spoon and fork.

As to the prospects of sport, I learnt that a herd of markhor had been seen on the previous evening with one big buck, and the *shikaris* with some two hundred beaters and the royal pack had gone out to surround them on three sides for the purpose of driving them towards the hunting-ground. Breakfast over, our hands were sprinkled with rose-scented water from a great brass *aftaba*, and we set off on foot. We soon began to climb up a path newly cut in the steep hill-side, and in half an hour found ourselves on a little platform with a low wall in front, some four hundred feet above the stream. Looking across, the opposite slopes deep in snow were visible to a height of two or three thousand feet above us; they were not excessively steep and were scantily covered with junipers and holly oaks. Immediately opposite us, at a range of perhaps ninety yards, was a precipitous face of rock, going down almost sheer into the water. This was the point to which the markhor were to be driven, and where it was hoped they would stand long enough to be shot.

We had now to keep as still and silent as possible and sat ourselves down behind the wall at points from which we could get a commanding view. An attendant flung over the Mehtar a magnificent fur robe which had come straight from Bokhara, and others wrapped themselves in sheep-skin pelisses and cloaks, for the wind was bitterly cold. Only a few of the Mehtar's intimates had accompanied us to the butt, but in glancing at the array of modern rifles with which they were armed and at the rocks opposite where the beasts were to be shot down, I half regretted coming to what seemed likely to end in a butchery; for the combination of ancient strategy with

modern arms seemed a trifle unfair to our quarry.

The Mehtar was beguiling the time by telling me of some wonderful battles at this spot in the time of his ill-fated predecessor, when faint confused sounds of shouting came from high up the opposite mountain, mingled with the yelping of dogs. Presently some black dots appeared moving far away in the snow; then a man perched up on a rock behind us said "Big markhor coming this way," and we saw a big beast come bounding down alone, pausing after each spring to see where the danger lay, and heading straight for the rock face opposite. The men in the butt all seized their rifles and crouched close to the wall. I declined the Mehtar's pressing invitation to take the shot, so he got ready. The markhor was now within two hundred yards of us and I was watching him through the glasses. A kingly fellow he looked, with his head thrown back, his great black spiral horns standing grandly out and his long beard sweeping the snow. Suddenly, seeming to scent danger in front, he turned half left and up the glen. A few gigantic bounds brought him with an avalanche of snow and stones to the bottom of the valley, across which he dashed and was lost to view. Two or three shots had been fired as soon as it was seen he was not going into the rock face, but he was not touched, and I was glad to think he might live to add a few more inches to his magnificent spread of horns, enjoy a few more seasons of courtship, and then die in a more befitting manner.

Of course the grumbles in the butt were loud and not less sincere, and everyone blamed everyone else for having moved or shown themselves at the critical moment. The big markhor of the herd had escaped, and it now became apparent also from the shouts and yelps getting fainter and fainter,

that the rest of the herd had somehow managed to break through the line.

But stay, here comes something down the opposite slope. It is a doe markhor, going as if a pack of demons were after her. On she comes and reaches her supposed refuge on the rock face. The cause of her haste is soon evident, for a long Badakshan hound is close on her tracks, not a couple of hundred yards behind and giving tongue in short excited yelps. As the hound reaches one side of the precipice and begins to creep cautiously along a snowy ledge, the doe wandering on and invisible to him, has reached the further side and turns round again towards the centre of the rock. I signal to the Mehtar not to shoot, for it is evident that hunter and hunted are going to meet nose to nose on a ledge about an inch wide and the solution of the problem will be interesting. Only a corner of rock now separates them and both reach it simultaneously. A chorus of *ya allah* burst from the spectators in our gallery, as the doe without one moment's hesitation, sprang straight out into mid air and went down. A gallant bid for life it was and suitably rewarded, for, leaning over, we saw her recover her footing in deep snow two hundred feet down, dash on to the stream, across, and away to safety on the line her lord and master had taken before. The hound could do nothing but extricate himself from the precipice, which done, he sat down and barked foolishly.

There was nothing more, and we returned, the Mehtar full of apologies at the poor sport he had shown, though, as I told him, the leap for life that doe had shown us, was a sight I would have gone far to see.

The beaters came in in groups, some not arriving for hours afterwards. The tale they told was that the body of the herd were first making straight for our rock, but something had turned them

and they had gone right through the line of beaters. Tracks of two snow leopards had been seen and that was supposed to be the cause of the fiasco.

Now let us transfer ourselves to one of the higher valleys, nearer the main axis of this mighty belt of mountain land, where the mysterious ibex in his haunts of snow and ice forms the quarry of humbler votaries. Here we are in the midst of romance and legend.

There is, even to materialistic Westerns something almost supernatural about the ibex. When, during the fearful winters of high regions, his summer companions, markhor and orial, bear and marmot, either seek lower and warmer levels, or hibernate in comfortable underground dwellings, the ibex remain alone among the snows and drifting mists. What enables them to defy the terrific elements, and escape the constant avalanches that thunder down the mountain sides in the spring time? How do they exist? The ordinary mortal will explain it by saying that they crowd together under rock shelters and subsist on grass roots and juniper sprays while the winter is at its height, and that instinct teaches them to keep to ridges and *arrêtes* during the avalanche season, and that they are protected from the intense cold by a thick under coat of wonderful soft wool. But every Chitrali knows well that ibex are under the special protection of the mountain fairies, the chief of whom lives among the icy pyramids and high turrets of the great mountain Tirich Mir. They know that when the earthquakes pass along these valleys, those specially gifted can see hosts of fairies streaming across the sky, riding on ibex and long-maned ponies. Men and women are now living who have been transported to the gleaming palaces of Tirich Mir and seen their inhabitants and the ibex that wander freely among them. Does not

history also relate how, when the country is in urgent danger, fairies are seen by many with their ibex squadrons, riding to the Mehtar's assistance? Does not every Kohistan know that it was by their aid alone that the army of the famous Sikh general, Bhup Singh, was surrounded on the Gilgit road and every man of them either killed or sold to the slave-dealing Mirs of Slighnan and Roshan?

The slaying of an ibex therefore is no light matter. No *shikari* would venture to start on a hunting trip without having first propitiated the protecting powers. Otherwise his foot would slip on the edge of some dizzy precipice; stones would hurtle through the air, impelled by unseen hands; he would fall through into some deep ice well in the groaning glacier; or may be he would wander bewildered like the Ancient Mariner, seeing fearful sights:

And through the drifts the snowy clifts,
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

But whether lying under hills of green ice, or kept in bondage by the fairy folk of Tirich Mir, certain it is that he would never again be seen alive.

So the *shikari* omits none of the customary ceremonies before leaving home. His good woman first bakes him an enormous cake, which is stuffed into the folds of his gown above the girdle. He cleans his brass-bound matchlock and slings it over his shoulder, and hangs round him bullet-pouch, powder-horn, knife, and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of the chase. Then, after warning his wife not to allow unpurified man or woman to cross his threshold, he starts off with his leash of hounds.

At the mouth of the selected valley, he flings four pieces of his loaf north,

south, east, and west, invoking the special fairy of the place. "Oh guardian of this golden glen, this slave has approached thy abode. Look on him with kindness. I have come under thy silken sleeve and the hem of thy skirts. Of thy flocks, grant me but one beast. Let him be such as has no wool, has no milk, and is unable to keep up with the herd, that is thin, weak, lame, and even blind. Give keenness to my eyes and power to my limbs, so that I may slay one animal. Safeguard me from all dangers."

For the hunter of the Hindoo Koosh the year is divided into numerous seasons, known under different names. There is the rutting season, when the sexes mingle in the early winter; the dead of winter, when all the ibex grounds are fathoms deep in snow; the avalanche season when the roar of cataracts of snow is almost continuous under the morning and mid-day sun; the season when the lower slopes with a southern aspect form brown streaks in a white ocean of mountains; the season when the fresh green grass begins to appear, and slowly spreads up the mountain to the lowest limits of eternal snow; the summer, when all the mountain sides where earth can lie are carpeted with grass and flowers, and game animals have their widest range to wander over; and lastly, the season when the higher slopes take autumnal tints of red and yellow, and ibex are found comparatively low down taking advantage of the last of the summer grazing. This is the time when the old bucks are in pride of grease, and it is consequently perhaps the favorite shooting time among *shikaris*, though of course their work is easiest of all in the spring, when the ibex, ravenous after their short winter commons, come low down for the first blades of fresh green grass and wormwood.

Ibex having been seen, there are two

methods of proceeding, according to the excellence of the hunter's hounds. If they are of the best breed, staunch and well trained, he can, as the saying is, slip them at the bottom of the *nullah* and then go and breakfast at leisure, certain that the early morning's downward flowing air will have brought news of the ibex to the hounds, and that by the time he has finished, he will find one or two of the herd rounded up into some precipice, to which he will be attracted by his hounds' baying. This is the ideal.

The real is more often something like this. The hunter, after picking up his ibex, takes his hounds well above them and sights them before slipping. A long chase follows, the hounds hunting their game from precipice to precipice, the *shikari* keeping them in sight or hearing as best he may. A long day's hunt in deep snow and frequently the most appallingly dangerous ground is the usual thing, the end of which may be a shot or may not. Much of course depends on the suitability of the valley for this kind of hunting. The best *nullahs* which have been pointed out to me all have the same characteristics; the greater part of the ground is comparatively easy, but somewhere in the middle is a great scarp of naked rock, from which it would be impossible for the hounds to move a beast which has once taken refuge there.

Imagine the scene at such a moment: the ibex standing on a ledge or niche in some sheer cliffs of rock, turning this way and that; the exhausted hounds lying at the bottom with lolling tongues, baying as they lie and taking snatches at the snow. Enter the *shikari* from above at a dizzy height, peering over the edge. The range is too far for his rude weapon. He examines the ground with the eye of a cragsman born and bred, to whom giddiness and nerves are unknown.

His feet, wrapped round with strips of untanned hide, will stand firm on rock which would appear as impracticable for one in nailed boots as the dancing of a horn-pipe on the dome of St. Paul's. But the risks of rocks glazed by ice, stone shoots, all the hundred and one perils that beset one who would climb on rock, all these he knows and appreciates. Alone and encumbered with his hunting-gear, he lets himself down and trusts himself step by step with infinite care on ground where none but the most adventurous Alpine climbers, roped and in company, would venture.

The shot he takes lying down with the muzzle of his weapon resting on or against a stone. Lucky he deems himself if the beast goes head over heels, whizzing down to the anxious hounds, for his agate-cored balls leave as much to be desired in point of efficiency as his old musket in point of accuracy. Perhaps the finish only comes at the end of a wearisome chase after a wounded beast, the termination of which may be success or failure.

With the *shikari* as with the Sheikh Sadis' dervish, "His inn is wherever darkness may find him"; but if the rigors of a night under the stars are mitigated by the skin of a freshly killed ibex for a covering and his bread helped down with morsels of roasted liver, he is as happy as a king.

In this sport very much depends on the hounds, and a good pair are very highly prized. Like the ponies of these highlands, the best breeds come from Badakshan and look like a cross between a Borzoi and collie. Before the hunting-season comes on, *shikaris* harden and condition their hounds by pitching them into some icy torrent several times a day,—a course which I was once recommended to follow with a favorite spaniel somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*.

The successful *shikari*, on his way home, sings the quaint hunting-song called the *ghoru*. As he nears his village, men and boys run out to relieve him of his kit and load of meat and horns,—the latter destined to grace the nearest saint's shrine. The whole hamlet joins in the chorus, those not helping with the loads sitting down on the roofs of their houses and with little fingers in their ears (like a huntsman) rendering the song at the highest pitch of their voices.

Oh valley opened for me, *hé ho*,
Blood-stained are my hands, *hé ho*.

Deer-like are thine eyes, *hé ho*,
Seeing after death, *hé ho*.

Rise I in the night, *hé ho*,
Crouching I await thee, *hé ho*.

Thy feet they leave a trail, *hé ho*,
Thy horns they graze the sky, *hé ho*.

Food from the unseen, *hé ho*,
Thou art given by God, *hé ho*.

From ridge to ridge I spy thee, *hé ho*;
I would know thee again and again,
hé ho.

I see thy various shapes, *hé ho*;
I track thee from ledge to ledge, *hé ho*.

In the midst of the herd I strike,
hé ho;
Face to face I slay thee, *hé ho*.

Thou the ibex of my kitchen, *hé ho*,
Thou the guest of this evening, *hé ho*.

Thou the high and unattainable, *hé ho*,
Now descend through my smoke-hole,
hé ho.

Macmillan's Magazine.

The meat is actually taken into the *shikari's* house through the hole in the roof which serves for a chimney, and there received by the members of his family, he himself entering in by the door.

The usual quarry in the Hindoo Koosh is, as has been said, markhor and ibex, but when the snow is deep and a herd of oorial has been marked down in a suitable place, that is to say, low down on flattish ground, a whole village will turn out and mob the poor beasts to death with their dogs, and there is a recorded instance at Gilgit when a big herd were so wiped out. As a rule, oorial, who trust for safety more to speed and activity than getting into inaccessible places, say good-bye to hounds and hunters. My old *shikari* used to tell of a herd of these animals that escaped him by swimming the Indus, an extraordinary feat. "But ibex too," he used plaintively to add, "used to give my hounds a lot of trouble."

Really big battues, as a matter of fact, are now, and always have been, extremely rare, though old sportsmen of the Himalayas love talking about them. I once asked an old gray-beard, after hearing one of these gory tales, how it was that so many animals still remained. "Sahib," he said, "the more the seed the heavier the crop, is it not? And the more blood split on the ground this year, the larger the herds of ibex next." And this is the common belief, especially among the Kafirs.

R. L. Kennion.

ABOVE THE BOOMS.

There was fear of war between us and the great Power whom, for fear of international complications, I will not dream of mentioning. Between the Lieutenant, Sergeant Harding, and the other sergeants who had left their

country for their country's good to drill black men on the West Coast of Africa—between those patriotic men and the emissaries of that other Power, which, in its schemes for territorial aggrandizement, played Hall-

fax with our plans for colonization, ran the great river that should have been the boundary between the two nationalities. Truly it did not coincide with the boundaries of the native tribes which we and the other Power had found in occupation. But that was of no consequence whatever. They did not count. But what did really count was this. Sergeant Harding and some of his black lambs had, at one time, had a race with Captain Blanc and some of his ravening wolves belonging to that other Power whose name I will not mention, and Harding had won. On winning he ran up our flag at the town of Parda, which is on the other Power's side of the river. Captain Blanc was very angry about it, and used most un-called-for language. But we were there, and we rested, although the other Power tried to chisel us out of our hard-earned land. I should like to know if they would have cleared out if Captain Blanc had bluffed Sergeant Harding, instead of Sergeant Harding having out-generalled Captain Blanc.

Now there was war in the air, and the lieutenant said to Harding, "Sergeant Hardin', would you like a few days to go shootin'?"

"Where do you want to send me, sir?" asked Harding.

"My dear man," said the lieutenant, "I don't want to send you anywhere. I simply asked you whether you'd like a few days' leave to go shootin'."

"If you please, sir."

"If, by any chance, Hardin', you should take a boat's crew and go up the river to shoot—"

"Begging your pardon for interrupting, sir," said Harding, "there's much better shooting down the river."

"That's where you're quite wrong, Hardin'. There's much better shootin'—of the kind you want—up the river. If you should take a boat's crew up

the river, and should get up as far as where you would probably land if you wanted to get to Parda, you might just notice what fortifications or lines of defence Captain Blanc has been layin' down to prevent our gettin' up there."

"Has he——" began Harding.

"So I understand."

"So do I sir."

"What? Have you heard anythin'?"

"No, sir. But I understand, sir."

"Right. And, if you should like to pick your men to-day, and make a start to-night, there'll be no objection."

"Very good, sir. And I'll report to you as soon as I return."

"Of course you will report to me for duty as soon as you return."

That night, Harding, Big Tom, and a boat's crew started up the river. All the night they paddled hard. At least, the boat's crew did, while Big Tom steered and Harding slept the sleep of the innocent in the stern-sheets, soothed by the rhythm of the paddles, and by the voices of his crew as they bent to their work. Through the light of the tropical night they went, till the narrowing of the banks and the nearing of the trees on them turned the light into that blueness which is the depth of black. Then came the time of danger, for snags, and roots, and sleeping alligators, which can be seen in the light, are apt to give one a nasty fall in the dark. Yet the bold Harding slept on undaunted, for he knew that Big Tom, who looked on Harding as a bigger god than any idol from Birmingham, was at the helm and on the watch for danger. Then, suddenly, with none of the deliberation it shows in northerly climates, where getting out of bed is a weariness of the flesh, the sun sprang up, and so did Harding, who, after a refreshing dip, the while the crew beat the water vigorously to keep off man-eaters, rested again, this time with his

eyes open, and watched the sweating niggers hard at work. There is nothing more pleasant than to lie in the stern of a boat and to watch other folk work hard.

At last, at long last, Harding and his crew approached the rough landing-stage whence the road leads to Parda, and, as they approached it, out shot a boat, the rowers of which sweated even more than Harding's rowers. In the stern lay a gentleman, whose chin was nicely shaved, whose moustache was waxed, and whose boots were varnished.

"It is my friend, if he will so allow me to call him, Sergeant Harding," said the gentleman, waving a kid-gloved hand which held a cigarette.

"It is, Captain Blanc," said the unshaven and pyjamaed Harding.

"And I may call you that?" asked Captain Blanc politely.

"You may, sir, if you wish. You've called me worse things than that. Do you remember the time—"

"Certainly, my friend. But I do not wish to be reminded of it. I wish to forget what you call the time. Association with the dear English has rendered me more phlegmatic, more stolid. I should not say the same things now. Probably mixing with the English has made me more polite."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir," said Harding, almost blushing through the maiden's bloom of his brickdust-red face.

"And you were coming up to see me?"

"Not exactly, sir. Though very pleased to have the opportunity, sir, of course. I came up for a little shooting."

"I am sorry. There is no shooting higher up the river than here. And I really flattered myself that you had come up to see me. It is so disappointing."

"I think you must be mistaken, sir. I believe there is very good shooting

up above. Of course, I also had in my mind the pleasure of seeing you."

"Thank you—thank you, Sergeant Harding. You are most kind. Yet I can assure you there is no shooting above those booms which I have slung across the river there. I assure you there is no shooting, and there will be no shooting above those."

"But why, sir?"

"Because I say so, Sergeant Harding."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for taking the liberty to correct you, but you seem to be a little mixed in your—that is, our—language. Perhaps it's because you're a foreigner, though I never heard you use English words wrong way up before. I think you've put the cart before the horse. You should say, you say there is no shooting because there is none, not there is none because you say there is none."

"That is where you are quite wrong, Harding, and where I am perfectly right. There is none—for you—just because I say there is none. Do you know our two countries are on the verge of war? Of course you do. Then do you think we are going to have you running up and down our river, landing on our territory, and generally laying your plans for the moment war breaks out? Of course you don't think it for a moment."

"But there's no war now, sir, and you have no right to prevent my going up and down the river as I like."

"My good Harding, I am not preventing your doing anything. Go up the river if you like. My country has nothing to say to yours on the subject. But I, personally, tell you that if you go above those booms you will find sufficient to blow a hundred of your boats out of the water. And this is a friendly warning between ourselves."

"But it's illegal."

Captain Blanc shrugged his shoulders.

"That may be; but, at any rate, it's there," he said. "If I had not had a kindly feeling towards you, I should have let you go up to buy your own experience."

"You are very kind, sir," said Harding.

"My nation are always noted for their politeness, Sergeant Harding. So you will probably allow me to wish you a particularly good day."

"May I go back, sir," asked Harding, "and tell my commanding officer that you refuse to allow us to navigate the river or to land to proceed towards our protectorate of Parda?"

Captain Blanc merely drew up his shoulders to his ears and spread out his fingers with mute eloquence.

"Please let me have an answer, one way or the other, to take back," said Harding.

"I can't give you an answer more than I have already done. I don't prevent your going on, but I warn you against the consequences. That is all."

"But that will be no excuse to my lieutenant, sir. He will not be satisfied with that."

"Now, really, Sergeant Harding, you are too straightforward. Since when have men purely on shooting expeditions found it necessary to report, except for duty, on their return?"

Harding got very hot. He had certainly given himself away.

"You will easily understand, Sergeant Harding," said Captain Blanc severely, "that, under the circumstances that war has possibly already broken out, I have gone beyond my province in telling you that we have already prepared the river in such a way that, if you pass our booms, you and your people are dead men. That information I gave you because I had a respect for you personally, and had no wish to witness your destruction. And, while I was stretching my national conscience to do you a personal

kindness," he continued in a saddened tone, "you, on your part, were up here simply, under the cover of a shooting trip, as a spy. Sergeant Harding, I request that, the next time you meet me, you do not acknowledge me in any way."

"I'm sorry you take it like that, sir," said Harding. "There is no offence in it. It's all in the way of business. Yours, as well as mine, you know."

"Not mine, please. We pay people to do this kind of thing, but we would not do it ourselves. You haven't even the grace to deny it. You admit, in a barefaced way, this conspiracy between your lieutenant and yourself. Sergeant Harding, I'm disappointed in you."

With these words, and a sad expression, Captain Blanc signed to his rowers to pull away inshore. And Harding, feeling rather sick and sorry to think what a mean, despicable want-of-character Captain Blanc had proved him to be, and considerably sicker and sorrier to think he had found out nothing after all, turned his bow down stream, and began to drop down, down, down, just in the same way as his heart was dropping down, down, down.

Something attempted, nothing done,
Against old England's foes,

said Harding, "according to the poet. Or is it 'Won't buy the baby's clothes'? There's a falling-off for an old soldier! Sent up here to find out what the preparations of that hostile Power are, in case war is really declared, and I haven't found out a single thing, except that I'm a blooming fool who gives away the game. Paddle away, you ebony images! Carry on! Who told you to 'vast heaving'?"

The niggers looked at each other, for they knew it was waste of time to paddle going down stream. Yet Harding was a white man, and was therefore to be obeyed, unless he were to be

killed, and there seemed no reason, at the moment, to kill him; though the nigger does not always kill by reason only, nor does the white man.

"Paddle under the bank when we're round the corner," said Harding, and then he laid himself out to think. The night came on, and the damp came up, and the alligators came round. Harding set a watch, and the rest of the black men went to sleep, while Harding sat in the stern, shivering and burning with the coast fever that the night mists had brought back to him.

"Big Tom," he said, and the sentry lent a willing and capacious ear. "Big Tom, suppose you were left here suddenly alone, how would you get back to the lieutenant?"

"In the boat, sar."

"But suppose you had not got this boat?"

"I steal canoe, sar, b'long dem odder niggers ob Captain Blanc, sar."

"If the niggers were properly roused you'd not be able to steal one."

"I not rouse dem, sar. B'fore I sergeant, I leopard-man—can steal widout rousin' dem ugly black niggers."

"Then off you go and steal one, and bring it back here."

Then off went Black Tom, and stole one, and brought it back there.

"When the daylight comes, Big Tom, I'm going to jump those booms in the boat. There is no doubt we shall get over them all right. The only question is, what will happen to us on the other side. According to Captain Blanc we shall be blown up sky-high."

Big Tom did not want to complain, but he evidently did not see the necessity of being blown up sky-high.

"You will not come with us," continued Harding.

Big Tom evidently wondered how he was to be the only occupant of the canoe, who was to stop below while the others ascended. But, if Harding

said so, it must be all right, and it was rather pleasing to Big Tom.

"You," said Harding, "will lie here in your canoe—I mean the other people's canoe, which you have stolen. You will watch what happens. As soon as—as it has happened, you pelt back—none of your letting the canoe glide just because the stream happens to be with you, you just use your paddle—and tell the lieutenant just exactly what you've seen."

"Tell um see you blow up sky-high?"

"Yes. If that's what you do see."

"No. You stay canoe. Big Tom and odder niggers row dat boat over."

"No, Big Tom. You must stay here."

"How I tell properly to lieutenant? You tell much more better I."

"That's true," said Harding thoughtfully. To find a good, unselfish, benefit-of-your-country reason why one should not go deliberately to be blown sky-high is not unpleasant to any man.

"You stay den?" asked Big Tom delightedly.

"I can't send any man where I don't go myself," said Harding. "No, Big Tom, you'll have to tell the lieutenant as well as you can, and he'll have to worry it out with you. Now wake up the men."

Big Tom woke them gently with a paddle.

"Get away into cover, Big Tom. Notice carefully everything that happens. I've drawn a small map of this part of the river and the booms. Here it is, and here is a lead-pencil. You can keep that in remembrance of me. You can't use it, but don't forget it's an H.B. When I'm gone, never forget that. Jot down, if you can manage it—and I should think you could—just where the explosions take place on the map, so that you can show the marks to the lieutenant, and take particular notice of the color of the flames. All ready?"

"Good-bye," said Big Tom, blubber-

ing, as if he were not the only black man who wears the V. C.

"Paddle all," said Harding, with a set, hard face, looking straight ahead at the booms across the river.

His crew paddled their hardest towards the obstruction. As they came to it they gave a few quick, strong strokes, and threw themselves back in the boat that her nose might get over. She jumped at it, and her 'midship section came down on the boom with a crash. For a moment she hung on, and then she slipped to the spot whence she had jumped.

"She'll break her back," said Harding, "if I do that too often. And then there'll be no telling what's laid on the other side. Lucky I brought an axe with me."

He stood up in the bow and chopped and chopped till his hands, which grow softer when a sergeant is engaged in drilling a black regiment than when he is at Aldershot, began to sweat and blister. Meanwhile his niggers, who did not realize that they might in a few minutes be carried towards heaven in something like a chariot of fire, sat and grinned behind his back, and noted his expressions as choice bits of English for future use. At last Harding had cut away enough to let the boat through, and as he stood up forward, with the axe in his hand, and cried, "Give way, all!" he could not help thinking what an heroic figure he made, going to certain destruction for his country. And then he wondered whether, after all his sacrifice, that

thick-skulled Big Tom would carry back a decent report to the lieutenant, and he began to feel a little sorry that, being the white man of the party, it was incumbent on him to be the man to be blown up. However, there was not much time and then what would happen to Big Tom? For the manner of the white man's reprimand is more severe on the West Coast of Africa than in Shorncliffe. He waited, waited, waited, and saw the boat go through the booms, and the crew paddle up, up, up, till at last they went out of sight round a bend in the river. And yet no terrific explosion shocked Big Tom's big and attentive ears; no burst of various prismatic flames struck upon the retina of his observant, though rolling, eye. If only something would happen, he might manage to report it properly. But how to report satisfactorily just exactly nothing—no explosion, no flames, nought but the vanishing of the boat into the unseen? And then, as the problem was beginning to be too much for his weak and anxious brain, the boat came into sight, running easily down with the tide.

"Come aboard, Big Tom!" said Harding, exultantly. "It's just as well I went up. There are no mines, no anything. The lieutenant will be glad to hear this."

"No 'nythin'," said Big Tom, thoughtfully, but without full understanding.

"No," chuckled Harding; "we've found nothing but a big bluff, and that we found out."

G. Stanley Ellis.

Longman's Magazine

THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY:

A PERSONAL STUDY.

For the past half-century the figure of King Oscar has been familiar in all the capitals of Europe, whose rulers he has known more or less intimately

since his first circular tour of the Courts, made after he left the famous University of Upsala. And to know the King is to admire him; for a more

unassuming, affectionate and attractive personality is not easily to be found. I have seen him in his own country and in many foreign lands; everywhere popular, surrounded always by the simplest and most cultivated of the people. Had he not been King of Sweden he would have been its foremost man of science or of letters, and would have been recognized as such throughout the commonwealth of European learning. Yet with all his erudition and attraction he has preserved a character unspoiled by power or position; and he remains to-day, in spite of an acute domestic crisis, the best beloved man in his dominions.

King Oscar was educated for the sea and spent many years in the Norwegian Navy, passing all the examinations and gaining all the certificates necessary for the highest commands. Indeed, it was not until he succeeded his brother in 1872 that he relinquished the career of his choice, which has inspired some of his finest compositions in prose and in verse. That his heart remains true to the sea, a sailor king if ever there was one, cannot be doubted by those who have conversed with him upon the navies of his own and other countries; nor can we question the depth of his knowledge of naval matters and his sympathetic treatment of them after reading his *Ballads of the Swedish Fleet* and the several expert treatises which he has already published. For it must not be overlooked that the King is not only a sailor and a scientist of high repute; he is also recognized as a poet of considerable attainments. He has composed several volumes of lyrics besides the *Songs of the Sea*, and his translations of German poetry and drama into his native language have gained for him the distinction of being elected a member of the Academy of Berlin. Surely these attributes of his personality, the spirit of a sailor with

the soul of a poet, are happily combined in one who guides the destinies of two peoples through whose veins courses the blood of which the Sagas sang. Surely too, his latest composition—the dignified and statesmanlike reply which he sent to the Norwegian demand for separation—is a proof that he is also a political pilot, who may hopefully be entrusted to weather the storm, and to bring the troubled ships of State into their desired havens.

In private the King's life is very much the same life as his subjects. His going out and his coming in are reminiscent of patriarchal days. There is very little pomp at his beautiful palace at Stockholm, and still less at his country castle by the sea. To his sons he is like an elder brother, and he has so treated them from the days of their youth that now the most perfect harmony reigns between them. The Crown Prince was, naturally, educated for the position of supreme authority to which he will one day succeed; but the other three sons have chosen freely the careers in which they are now engaged. Prince Bernadotte, the second son, married a Swedish lady, and now lives in retirement, consecrating his life to spiritual and philanthropic work. His younger brother, Prince Karl, is a distinguished soldier and a most popular member of society; to him the Norwegians look for their next king. The fourth son is Prince Eugen, an artist of quite first-rate calibre, who works as thoroughly at his art as though his livelihood depended upon it. Of the Crown Prince it is always said that he is the "strong man" of Sweden, and it is certain that for some time past he has exercised considerable influence in the concerns of State. During his terms of regency, which, owing to the increasing age and infirmity of King Oscar, have been frequent of late, he has won the confidence of all parties by his skilful handling of the reins of

government both in domestic and foreign affairs; whilst his tact and consideration for the wishes of his venerable father have avoided those estrangements and difficulties which are not infrequent in the history of regencies. He is now nearly fifty years of age, but he is as alert and athletic as many a man twenty years his junior. Lawn tennis is the hobby of his leisure hours, and he is no mean exponent of the game, even when pitted against the champion players of Europe, whom he annually assembles round him for the Stockholm tournament. It is his eldest son, Prince Gustav, who has just married into our Royal Family, and who, by his parentage, unites the Bernadotte with the old Swedish dynasty, inasmuch as his mother, the Crown Princess, being a Princess of Baden, is a lineal descendant of the ancient Vasa stock.

I believe that the hearts of all men in Scandinavia and elsewhere go out to the splendid old King as he bravely faces the difficulties which now beset his throne. There is no one who does not regret that the blow should have fallen upon a personality which has, through years of wise sovereignty, en-

deared itself to Swede and Norwegian alike. And this sentiment of personal attachment will, if I do not greatly mistake the temperament of all concerned, play a predominant part in the negotiations between the two nations which are soon to take place. Upon the Swedish side, no doubt, there will be some inclination to impose conditions which it would be impossible for Norway to accept with dignity: equally so Norway, and the extremists who might be anxious to stand out for impossible terms. But when at the head of the council table there is seen the aged figure of the invalid monarch who for over thirty years has been a veritable "Father of his people," then I believe all hearts will soften into sweet reasonableness; then men like Nansen on the one hand and Sven Hedin upon the other—men who have endured much for the glory of the united kingdoms—will preach the gospel of mutual compromise and mutual concession, and will so contrive a Treaty of Separation that it shall be a Treaty of Peace, under which king and people shall go upon their ways rejoicing.

Ian Malcolm.

The Outlook.

TO WHITE LAW REID.*

To England's shore hath come full many a guest,
Seeking for safety, only Freedom gives,
Monarchs dethroned and Rulers dispossessed,
Foes foiled in war, and patriot fugitives.

But never from the young self-governed Land
Hath visitor come, save willingly and free,
With hand outstretched to grasp the outstretched hand,
As brothers greet when one comes home from sea.

Now once again our Western kindred send
One whom grave thought and lofty speech adorn,

* Read at the banquet of welcome to Mr. Reid given by The Pilgrims at London June 23rd.

Not for whose sake alone we hail him friend,
But for the manly land where he was born.

The April-sent swallow circling round our eaves,
Fresh with the buoyancy of wind and foam,
Thrills us with joy, with sorrow when it leaves,
As though it scarcely knew which was its home.

Our homes be one, wherever we abide,
Ours Yours, Yours Ours, a free-given time-long lease,
Bound by no fragile parchments, but allied
By fearless love of World-embracing Peace.

Alfred Austin.

THE ACTION OF RADIUM ON BEEF-GELATINE.

(FROM A SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT.)

In the issue of the scientific periodical *Nature* for May 25, Mr. J. B. Burke gave a preliminary description of some experiments he has been carrying out at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, on the influence of salts of radium on bouillon, a mixture of beef extract and gelatine, which is used as a medium and food for the growth of bacteria.

As is well known, if a tube containing such a medium be plugged with cotton wool to exclude the germs floating in the atmosphere, and be sterilized by heating for a short time to a temperature somewhat above the boiling point of water, it will remain indefinitely without sign of life and without decomposition.

Into such a tube Mr. Burke put a small glass bulb containing a few milligrammes of radium bromide, and, after sterilization, broke the bulb. The radium salt then fell on to the surface of the bouillon. After twenty-four hours a culture-like growth appeared on the surface and gradually spread downwards. Examined microscopically, this growth was seen to consist of minute rounded bodies which, according to Mr. Burke, ceased to grow after reaching a certain size, and

then subdivided. On heating, or on exposure to light, the growth vanished, but it appeared again on standing for some hours. When transferred to fresh bouillon, the growths showed very slight signs of further increase. The growths were soluble in hot water.

Mr. Burke submitted his growths to Professor Sims Woodhead, who, naturally enough, pronounced against their claim to be regarded as bacteria, and suggested their classification as "crystals." Mr. Burke, as anxious to transfer them to the biologists as Professor Woodhead to return them to the physical laboratory of their origin, remarks, with some of the courage of his ancestors, that he has little doubt that they are "highly organized bodies, although not bacteria." "They must be something more than mere aggregates, in so far as they are not merely capable of growth, but also of subdivision, possibly of reproduction, and certainly of decay."

So far no harm was done. Mr. Burke had made an interesting observation which deserved further study. Probably that further study would show that one of the several possible commonplace explanations of the phenomena would turn out to be correct.

Growths somewhat similar to those observed by Mr. Burke, though produced by different means, have already been studied, and explained as disintegration products of the medium. Nevertheless, it might be that Mr. Burke's growths were different, and that his speculative experiments had opened a new field of research. Mr. Burke may have been a little premature in writing to *Nature*, but that fault is nowadays a common one, particularly where radium is involved. Writing to *Nature* is a recognized method of securing what is sometimes termed "priority."

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Burke has fallen a prey, apparently a willing prey, to an enterprising journalist. An enthusiastic young man from a daily paper has interviewed Mr. Burke and made the most of his time. Double-columned headlines and portraits of the discoverer have informed an astonished and occasionally scandalized world that the origin of life is a secret no longer. Mr. Burke who, to say the least, takes a somewhat favorable view of his evidence in the extracts we have given above, is praised incidentally for his modesty in not claiming the creation of any known form of bacteria. In some accounts we have seen of the experiments, too, a serious error has crept in. In his letter to *Nature*, Mr. Burke distinctly states that he could not obtain "sub-cultures"—the traces of further growth which appeared when fresh material was inoculated with the primary growths being much too small to be due to living organisms. Yet we are now assured that growth goes on when the influence of the radium is removed—that the radium creates organisms which then possess an independent vitality. A study of the original authorities is always advisable before publishing their contents. For the sake of scientific journalists who

may wish to publish Mr. Burke's future discoveries to a wider circle, we may perhaps state that the price of *Nature* is sixpence, and that it can usually be obtained at the larger railway bookstalls.

We are accustomed to look for more reticence and caution from the Cambridge school of physicists than Mr. Burke has shown. Even should his growths not be explained as due to some disintegration product of his medium—some modification more nearly allied to the inorganic world than the bouillon from which they arise—should he, indeed, eventually prove that what he has seen is a low form of living organism, his premature statements on inconclusive evidence and the publicity they have attained, would still be most unfortunate.

But the interest of the affair does not lie solely in the indiscretions of an enthusiast. It is to be sought in the comments thereon for which the past week has been remarkable. The "production of life" has been welcomed by some and received with dismay by others, who have seen in it the triumph of materialism and the destruction of all theism. Mr. Burke, to do him justice, has done his best to assuage those fears which the possible outcome of his experiments has aroused. But some of his commentators have shown less sense.

It seems that a certain class of mind interested in philosophy and religion "learns nothing and forgets nothing." After the discomfiture of those theologians who in 1860 pinned their faith on the medieval dogma of special creation, and the even more complete if slower, discomfiture of the secularists, who have seen religion accept, absorb, and gain fresh strength from the illuminating revelation of evolution, it is astounding to see the descendants of the old combatants rushing to take up the old false positions.

Bishops, perhaps, are wiser nowadays; but, with or without leaders, the rank and file have sufficient initiative to act alone and compromise themselves on the mere report of a discovery in a field which does not concern them.

Whether or not Mr. Burke's experiments lead to more than at present seems likely, the discovery of the passage from inorganic matter to a liv-

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ing organism is always possible, perhaps even imminent. If, or when, that discovery is made, it will be of intense scientific interest and importance. It will give us another link in the chain which binds in one glorious unity the whole physical universe. But the idea that it need destroy a spiritual conception of the ultimate nature of reality would be almost humorous were it not so pathetic.

MR. JOHN HAY.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. John Hay, the American Secretary of State. By his death the world loses not merely one of its greatest statesmen, but a man of singular force and charm of character. What probably struck the superficial observer most in Mr. Hay was a certain fastidiousness of mind. He shrank almost visibly from whatever was bombastic, grandiloquent, or in bad taste; and those who did not know him intimately or did not look closely might be inclined to speak of him as one of those men who are "for action too refined." Yet in reality this fastidiousness and refinement, this nobility of nature, in no sense prevented him from being a man of action and a man of practical common-sense. He possessed not only a clear vision, but a will of iron; and when there was a duty to be performed for his country no man could carry it through with more determination or with greater steadfastness of purpose. Those, either in home politics or in foreign affairs, who thought of him as a mere man of letters, or, at best a clever diplomatist, soon found that they had to deal with a person of great and comprehensive intellect who saw public affairs in their true relations,

who was never "awed by rumor" or bound by foolish conventions, and who, though he saw the difficulties that surround any and every particular course of action in public affairs, was never hindered thereby from coming to a definite decision. He had essentially what Pope called "the hand unstained, the uncorrupted heart." His, too, was "the comprehensive head" that weighed all interests fairly and betrayed none. Though he had been behind the scenes in great affairs throughout his life, and realized fully how mean often are the motives which inspire important actions, and how incoherent and accidental are in reality the movements which the public believe to be the results of high policy, he never gave way either to pessimism or cynicism. What rendered this the more striking was the fact that his keen sense of humor, his scorn of fools, his hatred of sham and pretence, and his natural inclination to a fine-drawn irony made his outlook seem somewhat cynical to those who did not know the real man. The present writer remembers well how on an occasion several years ago Mr. Hay spoke to him with a contempt which he took no pains to conceal of a certain diplomatic incident. The contempt, however, was not for human

nature in general, but for the particular diplomat.

In Mr. Hay the President of the United States has lost a wise counsellor, and the American people a true patriot. One hardly likes to use the latter phrase so baldly in connection with Mr. Hay, for that touch of fastidiousness and hatred of bombast to which we have alluded would, one feels, have made him avoid a description which has too often been prostituted both in his country and in ours to ignoble uses. But if Mr. Hay might not have cared to hear himself called a patriot in a newspaper, none acted with more self-sacrificing and truer patriotism than he. From the days when he stood by Lincoln's side through the long agony of the war till last Saturday his life and his strength were always at the disposal of his countrymen. Of no man more truly than of him could it be said that he deserved well of the Republic. And yet it was, as it were, by a kind of accident that America availed herself of services so many and so great. When Mr. Hay came here as Ambassador it was as a man of high distinction in American life and as a man of letters rather than as an active statesman. It happened, however, that the two years passed by him in London were years of strain and stress owing to the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. During that war, and the negotiations which preceded and followed it, President McKinley and the governing men at Washington began to realize that the country possessed in Mr. Hay a great national asset. Throughout the international complications connected with the war and its settlement he saw the situation steadily and saw it whole. No wonder, then, that President McKinley asked Mr. Hay to return to Washington and to act as his Secretary of State. Mr. Hay's acceptance of the post was a great act of self-

sacrifice. He was a man with very little strength of constitution, and he realized that to give up the comparatively quiet and easy work of an Ambassador and take up the heavy burden of the State Department at Washington was something very like a sentence of death. He understood, that is, perfectly well that to carry on the arduous work at Washington would kill him, as it no doubt did. He faced the prospect, however, with supreme composure, and none but his most intimate friends could have gathered that he knew so fully what he was doing. Men often declare, and half persuade themselves, that they do not desire great office, and would rather be without it; but there was nothing of this make-believe in the case of Mr. Hay. After Mr. McKinley had convinced him that it was to the interests of the United States that he should leave the London Embassy and become Secretary of State, he never hesitated. He would as soon have thought as a young man of refusing to carry a despatch to a general who was on the firing-line as of evading the responsibility imposed upon him. No doubt the tragic death of his eldest son—a young man of great promise—helped to accelerate the process of physical exhaustion which the hard work of the State Department had begun; but the fact remains that Mr. Hay accepted the office of Secretary of State with the knowledge that the work would almost certainly be more than he could bear. But though what we have written is nothing but the truth, yet in view of what was visible at Washington during Mr. Hay's tenure of office, it sounds, we confess, the language of extreme exaggeration. No one seemed less, or would have more hated to seem, like a martyr than did Mr. Hay. His perfect serenity of demeanor, his noble and reserved courtesy, and his humorous outlook on men and things hid the

realities of the situation. With Mr. Hay there was not the shade of a shadow of a suspicion of the patriotic gladiator raising his sword to the genius of the Republic with an "Ave, Columbia Imperatrix! moriturus te salutat." All that the world saw was a great gentleman and a great statesman doing his work for the State and for the President with perfect taste, perfect good sense, and perfect good-humor.

It is impossible to write of Mr. Hay and not speak of Lincoln. Mr. Hay's devotion to the great President was not a matter of mere youthful adoration and loyalty. What he derived from one who must ever rank as among the greatest men of the Anglo-Saxon race was a perpetual inspiration, or, to use the language of an old-fashioned theology, "a peculiar grace." Mr. Hay had learned with Lincoln not merely how to look at and deal with great affairs, and how to take the measure of men, but how to apply the maxim "To understand all is to pardon all" without degenerating into political and moral antimonianism. Besides such valuable knowledge, he had imbibed a certain spirit which he kept with him through life. To him the Lincoln spirit was a touchstone by which the world of men and things was tried. Whether Lincoln's mood of genial sadness was reflected in Mr. Hay, or whether such

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a mood belonged to him by nature, we cannot pretend to say, but certainly, whether by adoption or by birth, that mood existed in the younger as in the older statesman. The mood had different phenomena, no doubt, owing to strongly marked individual peculiarities and to the immense differences in environment, but the cause was the same.

The present writer cannot close what he has written without feeling its utter inadequacy to express the man. If one can imagine the command over words and the delicate insight into the innermost recesses of human nature with which Walter Pater was endowed enforced by the knowledge of great men and great affairs possessed by a statesman like Lord Beaconsfield or the late Lord Salisbury, one may picture a person capable of making an adequate study of Mr. Hay's nature. As it is, only those who knew him will be able to understand what we have tried to say, but have not succeeded in saying. Mr. Hay was a man not difficult to be understood by his intimates, for to such persons his was essentially a sympathetic nature. But though in his case the comprehension of sympathy was easy, it is not, we fear, a form of comprehension that can be transferred through ink and paper to other minds.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Among the early autumn publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will be a book of travel sketches by Mr. Henry James, entitled "English Hours."

Professor T. E. Holland's paper on "Neutral Duties in a Maritime War,"

which was the leading article in *The Living Age* for June 3d, has been published in London for the British Academy before which it was read.

Professor Dicey's new work, "Law and Public Opinion in England," is about to be published by Messrs. Mac-

millan. Its basis is a series of lectures delivered first in the Harvard Law School and afterwards, with modifications, in the University of Oxford.

Friends of the late Sir Leslie Stephen will be glad to learn that the Leslie Stephen Lectureship in the University of Cambridge is now established. The sum of £630 contributed by the friends of the late Sir Leslie Stephen has been handed over to the University for the endowment of the lectureship. The lecture, which must be on some literary subject, including Criticism, Biography and Ethics, is to be delivered every two years.

The ways of censorship are past finding out. The London Standard mentions the case of a nonconformist minister, who was recently committed to Worcester Gaol for refusing to pay the education rate. To while away the tedium of his imprisonment, he took with him three books: "The Imitation of Christ," "The Commentaries of Caesar," and "The Essays of Elia." His choice of the latter showed him to possess at least sound literary taste, and to be a wise man withal. The two former he was allowed to keep, but the line was drawn at Lamb's Essays. Why, it would be impossible to hazard a conjecture.

Clarence Lathbury's "The Balanced Life" — like his earlier books — is marked by an invincible optimism. He is aware of the discords in life but through them all he hears an eternal harmony. He cannot ignore life's imperfections and distresses but he looks for an ultimate complete realization of the highest ideals. His sentences are charged with something of the spiritual enthusiasm and occasionally with something of the obscurity of the old mystics, but his message is for present-day lives and it is a message of hope

and aspiration. All the more perhaps for being cast in an unconventional form, and for the absence of conventional phrases, his appeal for higher thinking and nobler living is direct and strong. The book is published by the "Nunc Licet Press," Philadelphia.

A prodigious number of newspapers is published in Berlin. Recent statistics give the total at fifteen hundred. This is one-third of all papers published in the German empire. Fifty of these are political and are published every day (against thirty-three in London); thirty have a circulation that is chiefly confined to the suburbs, and it is characteristic of these that they are written with the minuteness and familiarity of style which distinguishes a village chronicle, so that to the reader it seems as if every one is occupied in observing the doings of his neighbor. There are sixty humorous and satirical journals and thirty-eight dedicated to music and the stage. Forty are published to champion women's rights. In comparing these statistics with those of the London Press, the advantage in point of numbers is decidedly with Berlin, and it is also worthy of note that Germany produces annually about three times as many books as England, although German statistics on the subject include pamphlets which in England would hardly be dignified with the name of books.

There is a curious confusion as to the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" says she was born in London; the "Dictionary of National Biography" assigns Burn Hall, Durham, as her birthplace. Some biographers have preferred Hope End, Herefordshire, while Mr. Ingram, in his *Life of the poetess*, says that the *Tyne Mercury* of March 14, 1809, announces for

the 4th of March: "In London the wife of Edward M. Barrett, Esq., of a daughter." Mr. Browning, however, challenged this statement by asserting that his wife was born on March 6, at Carlton Hall, Durham, the residence of her father's brother. But Carlton Hall is in Yorkshire, and Mr. Ingram declares that it did not come into the possession of Mr. Moulton Barrett till after 1810. Finally, there is the entry in the parish register of Kelloe Church, which is as follows: "Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, of Coxhoe Hall, native of St. James', Jamaica, by Mary, late Clarke, native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, March 6, 1806."

Lovers of Tennyson will be interested to hear that the Somersby estate is in the market. The centre of attraction there is, of course, the rectory, a picturesque rambling structure with a dining-room (filled by old Dr. Tennyson with spoils from the church), which externally resembles a chapel. The room in which the poet first saw the light overlooked the lawn, and the church, perhaps "the God's House" of "the Two Voices," where his father officiated, stands on a low hill opposite the house. The garden is full of associations of "In Memoriam," but it should be remembered that the trees are not as they were in Tennyson's time—"the towering sycamores" and "the poplars four" have gone, and the whole place is a wilderness. A "gray-old granage," the reputed residence of "the Northern Farmer," stands close to the rectory. A little way from Somersby is "the brook that swerves to left and right thro' meadowy curves," passing in its course three mills, one of which may have suggested certain points in the landscape of "The Miller's Daughter." It is also

the subject of the poem known as "The Brook." On the same estate there is a wooded dell, deep, wild, and shady, which is called "Holywell Glen." Here Tennyson wrote "Byron is dead." It is, not improbably, "the dreadful hollow" which "grides and clangs its leafless ribs and iron horns," and should appeal to readers of "Maud."

The Royal Literary Fund—the annual dinner of which was held in London May 15th, had its origin in a club that used to meet, towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the Prince of Wales' coffee-house, Conduit Street; and this is the story of its foundation:

During the summer recess of the summer of 1788 an event took place which tarnished the character of English opulence and humanity, and afflicted the votaries of knowledge. Floyer Sydenham, the well-known translator of Plato, one of the most useful, if not of the most competent, Greek scholars of his age, a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candor of his temper and the gentleness of his manners, died in consequence of having been arrested and detained for a debt to a victualler who had, for some time, furnished his frugal dinner.

At the news of this event, every friend of literature felt a mixture of sorrow and shame; and one of the members of the club above mentioned proposed that it should adopt, as its object and purpose, some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving authors and their families in distress.

Its early balance-sheets are in striking contrast with its present opulence. The subscriptions received between April 1794 and April 1795 amounted only to £110 5s. The amount paid out for the relief of authors during the same period was only £86 17s. Naturally the individual grants were small.

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